

Special Features This Issue
"Old Outboard Stories"



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 22 - Number 1

May 15, 2004

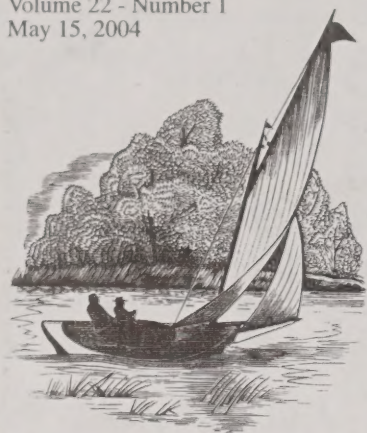


"I BELIEVE
SHE HAS
WHAT IT
TAKES."
ROBB WHITE

messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Outboards have had an ongoing low level presence on our pages because many of you utilize them on launches and on small sailing craft as auxiliary power. And from time to time they have surfaced in nostalgia articles from readers. Over the past couple of months an unusually large amount of outboard related material has come to hand, so I decided to put it all together in one special nostalgia issue for the motorheads amongst you.

While the commonplace tales of old outboards focus on how frustratingly unreliable they were, always, it seems, letting you down, they do have that aura of other older gasoline engine powered machines we used to use, cars, motorcycles, airplanes, etc. which required you to become your chosen machine's close acquaintance, alert to its every need if you expected it to do its duty. Today's cars, outboards, motorcycles, and airplanes are all so nearly perfect they are like appliances, no more intriguing to get to know than a refrigerator.

Leading off in this issue are two reviews of the newest Peter Hunn book about outboards, *The Old Outboard Book*. Dan McCarthy offers an informed, knowledgeable assessment of the book and lists three other books by Peter Hunn on outboards, published by Devereux Books. Stan Grayson of Devereux kindly supplied us with info on these books to supplement Dan's review. And then Robb White contributes his own unique opinions on the book and old outboards.

Brad Lyttle follows up on the reviews with three separate old outboard stories. One is all about his flirtation with outboard hydroplane racing in his youth right after WWII, in which he tells us why he chose not to pursue such racing after his first unexpectedly successful local race amongst the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River.

Brad follows up this tale of long ago youth with two tales of contemporary resurrecting and updating a pair of old Sears Roebuck outboards and what was marketed as the world's lightest outboard, the Mighty Mite.

Robb, with his usual eloquence, summarizes in his review why he bothers at all to have several old outboards around in running condition. "A smooth running, electronically

ignited almost silent leak proof smokeless Honda 8 back there on the stern just does not give the same feeling of adventure. It is fine when I am going on with my regular business of going where I need to go and doing what I have to do, but when I am on a quest I like for the outboard which propels me on the adventure to act like they used to do." He goes on to elaborate all the many charms of using old time outboards and how you felt like a team when you and it got it all together and headed off on another adventure.

I think old outboards fit within our overall messing about scope for anyone who enjoys restoring, repairing and/or using them because many of us are, to some extent, falling back on old ways, rowing, paddling, and sailing traditional old boats or modern replicas thereof. Brad's experiences in the late '40s with outboard hydroplane racing almost perfectly paralleled mine in motorcycle racing at that time, only I was not deterred by the element of danger and survived 18 years of such racing pretty much unscathed and forever supplied with great memories of what adventures those years added to my life.

In his review Robb mentions adventure, this is still a desired goal today for many (safety and security certainly cannot be everyone's goal?) but technology has entered the activities where equipment is part of the chosen game and made everything so much easier (and yes, safer, that word again) that the old challenges one faced have been overcome and rendered too easy, so the adventurer today resorts to the more extreme sports approach.

In the motorized craze of the last century as internal combustion engines moved into more and more activities involving going somewhere, outboards, received with open arms as salvation from the drudgery of rowing or paddling or even sailing to get somewhere, became an integral part of small boating. Those who rose to the challenge of learning how to keep their outboards running well reaped large rewards, those who despaired of ever being able to rely on their outboards created a large body of oral history of the impact of outboards on small boating as infernal machines.

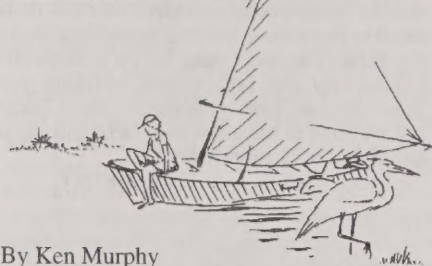
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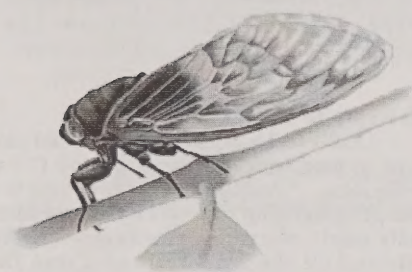
Befitting the special focus of this issue on old outboards is this old timey shot from Robb White with his take on what we are looking at.

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The Joys of
Nature



By Ken Murphy

The Cicada



By the time this issue arrives you may already know that this year is special for the cicada. A few may already have flown into your hair or, if you talk a lot, one may have popped into your mouth! The eastern parts of the U.S. are hosting the 17-year cicada, with the experts saying it should be a whopper of a year with some trees being covered with as many as 50,000 singing, buzzing, and eating cicadas.

One email I found on the Internet was from a woman in Ohio, it was a reminiscence about the last cycle of these insects 17 years ago in which she wrote that the singing was so loud she could not have a conversation with her neighbor. A similarly loud chorus might accompany your early spring cruise. If so enjoy, but keep your mouth closed!

Cicadas are mistakenly called locusts, this name being best reserved for the grasshoppers of the Old World. Cicadas are me-

dium to large insects with long transparent wings held peaked over the body when at rest. We are visited every year by the annual dogday cicada (Tibicen sp) that shows up in July and August. This is a large cicada about 2" long.

The 17-year cicadas are referred to as periodical cicadas. There are actually six periodical species (Magicicada). Three emerge every 13 years and three emerge every 17 years. These are all similar in appearance and are medium sized insects, smaller than the dogday species, with eyes, legs, and margins of the wings having some orange coloration. The periodicals also emerge earlier than the dogday cicadas, in May and June.

The periodical cicadas are only found in the eastern United States. Because they live so long underground as nymphs, they are the longest-lived insect in North America. After spending all those years in the soil, the periodical nymphs dig their way to the surface. They then crawl up tree trunks and cling to the bark. Soon they break their outer skin and the winged adult cicadas emerge, leaving behind the outer skin casing which remains clinging to the tree.

Adult males begin to sing with a shrill buzzing noise to attract females. After mating, females use their saw-like ovipositors to split open the bark of hardwood twigs and insert eggs in two rows. After six or seven weeks the eggs hatch and tiny ant-like first stage nymphs drop to the soil to burrow in for the next 13 to 17 years.

The particular 17-year cicada emerging this year is known as Brood X. It may well be the biggest insect outbreak on earth. Basically, the only thing the adults do is mate, deposit their eggs, and die. They live only about three weeks and the whole show is finished in a month. The next show will be 17 years from now, in 2021.

Contributions to this column should be emailed to Ken Murphy at <kgmurphy@comcast.net>

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

No Octane Regatta

The Adirondack Museum's No Octane Regatta will celebrate its 14th anniversary this June. More than 100 boats along with more than 2,000 spectators gather each year for an early summer outing in the picturesque central Adirondack hamlet of Blue Mountain Lake in northern New York. The regatta attracts participants and spectators from Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Wisconsin, Illinois, across New England, and eastern Canada, making it one of the most popular small boat gatherings in the northeast.

This year regatta weekend begins on Friday, June 18, with a free cruise on Raquette Lake aboard the *W.W. Durant*, followed by the "Splash into Summer" party at The Hedges resort located on Blue Mountain Lake. The following morning the "Log Drivers Breakfast" will provide plenty of energy for the variety of races and events that take place throughout the weekend.

Call Andrea Grout at (518) 352 7311, ext. 130 or e-mail <agrout@adkmuseum.org> for more information. Visit www.inphorminc.com/press_photos.cfm for images of the museum and the regatta.

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY

Information of Interest...

More on Copper Bottom Paint

I have used copper naphthenate on the wet side below the waterline of my dinghies back in the 1950s/60s on ends of wood pieces such as ribs, rabbets, carlins, etc. and was looking toward using it again as I restart the Mower dinghy this fall that I set aside in 1967.

I have been using the copper product as I rebuild the front porch columns of my 99-year-old house. My discontent on the bleed through and the stray info I thought I remembered reading about some agency's adverse ruling on the copper were the causes of my letter to you asking for an update ("You write to us..." March 15). So now, based on your info, I'll use some other product on the wet side of the boats.

I did get one letter with several options from a reader, which was appreciated, thank you for publishing my letter.

I really enjoyed Gene Bjerke's article on "Speaking the King's English." I was under the impression that the port side was where the captain hid his personal stock of Portuguese wine from the customs inspectors.

Congratulations on 500 issues! Please keep on bringing us the excellent writing from readers for at least another 20 or so years as it may take that long for me to finish my current boat plans.

Will D. Sinclair, Yates Center, KS

Opinions...

About Crystal River

I couldn't let Robb White's comments on Crystal River ("Messer Hive Discovered,"

April 1) pass by without comment. I agree with most of his assessments, particularly of the traffic and the ability of the drivers in this state (Florida). It is worth mentioning, however, that 90%+ of the drivers in this state learned to drive somewhere else.

Those of us who live in the shadows of those ominous cooling towers have become used to the weekly (Fridays at noon) wail of the sirens. They do occasionally remind me of third grade in Tampa (in the shadow of McDill Air Force Base) during the Cuban missile crisis. We would practice ducking under our tables and covering our heads to protect us from the nuclear blast a few miles away. We were prepared though, we each had in class a bag with clean underwear and some water.

Back to the present. Not to long ago, after the no name storm I believe, they added the capability of broadcasting over the warning system. They test this occasionally and I have yet to fully understand what is being said. Kinda like the speakers at your neighborhood fast food drive through. We do have an anti terrorist plan here. Any good terrorist will surely do their best at destroying those fabulous cooling towers that they show whenever the nuclear plant is discussed. Those cooling towers, as impressive as they are, belong, not to the nuclear plant, but to the adjacent coal fired plant. If there ever is an "event" at the plant we may not all need to try to escape, it depends on which way the wind blows. I am prepared, I still have my bag with the clean underwear and a bottle of water.

This is a great place for small boats. I kayaked and sailed my canoe with manatees this winter in the Crystal River. There is the long, old winding, brown water Withlacoochee River, several other spring fed rivers, miles of salt marsh creeks, the Tsalala Apopka chain of lakes, and the Gulf of Mexico. All in all, not a bad place for a messer. Hope to see, or have seen, some of you fellow messers in Cedar Key on May 1.

Steve Kingery, Crystal River, FL

Projects...

Boat Shop Plans Are Floated

The concept of a new boat shop next to the Marine Museum on Bluff Road in Amagansett, New York, paid for by the East End Classic Boat Society, is drawing high praise. A design sketch by David Stiles shows a structure reminiscent of a barn or a shed that measures 24' by 44' with timber frame truss construction and stress skin paneling. It would be built just southwest of the museum.

The museum was once an Army barracks and the adjoining property, once owned by the federal government, belongs to the town. The board has paid for a survey of the property, a prerequisite to construction. Both the board and the East Hampton Historical Society, which oversees the museum, must approve the project.

Ray Hartjen, a member of the East End Classic Boat Society and the boat shop's project manager, said that once the plan was

approved, the next step would be to raise \$200,000.

Pat Mundus, a founding member of the society, said that the building was badly needed for the group to continue its work, which she said included school programs, and father-and-son projects to teach kids high quality hand craftsmanship. "We are dedicated to preserving the tradition of boat building skills. The main thing is, we want to do a community and family boat building program. People have volunteered their barns, but we have to have our own facility to do it. Building boats takes time."

Ray Hartjen, East Hampton, NY



In Reply To Hugh Ware

I really feel honored that you should take time to read what I've been writing ("You write to us..." April 1) I guess we belong to a mutual admiration society. I have read carefully nearly everything you have written in "Beyond the Horizon." Years ago I read *The Waterway Journal* and I rather miss this publication. The things that you have written about remind me a lot of that publication, only on world wide oceans.

Lets get back to your bad news about my Foam Barge. Read again, I said my buckets [plural] held about 120 lbs. of water. There were three of them. By your calculations that should add up to 125.1789615 lbs., hey, not too far off. I must admit that the buckets were not full, they only had about four gallons each, but they still added up to the weight of a half grown grandchild.

Now to bring everyone up to date on the Foam Barge, it has sat all winter. Now the ice is going out on my test tank and I tested my latest Sweat Dream today with a small skeg added on. After the test I pulled off the duct tape and put the skeg in a warm spot in the shop to dry. Now I have to get the Foam Barge out of there so I can glass on the skeg on and repaint the Sweat Dream.

Last week I found three chunks of ash over 8' and milled them to 1/2" x 1". These pieces will be keels for the Foam Barge, all three of them. I glued on a foam wedge made of 1" foam to each. Today I faired up the foam so the keels would lay flat on the bottom of the boat, then rounded all the outside corners so the glass would wrap well. I was all set to glue them in place when I decided to put my mixing pumps into new cans. I found that I had a gallon of resin and a quart of resin. This mix will have a very, very slow cure. Soon I will finish that boat and retest it with it's modifications. I will let you all in on how well it performs.

Mississippi Bob, Apple Valley, MN

Kayak Building

I ran my mouth and might have to "help" a couple of young relatives build a pair of

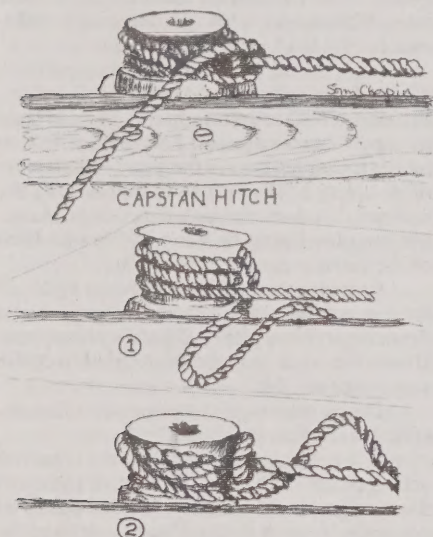
Joe Reisner's kayaks this summer. I've warned their mother she might have to do the work. In preparation for the project I think maybe I'll build one or two to find out if I still can. Bet I could find a couple of neighbor kids who might like to work on them and take them home.

Ron Laviolette, Detour Village, MI

A Capstan Hitch

If you want to know how to tie a capstan hitch without buying Brian Toss's book, then look at Picture #1. Several turns taken around the winch, then pass a bight under the standing part and loop it over the top of the winch in the opposite direction. Go to Picture #2 and pass the bight under the bight again, but in the opposite direction, and then the loop over the winch in the other direction of the first bight. That will hold an angry horse and I use it some time on a jib sheet when the cleat is being used for some other stupid reason. Brian Toss adds two loops of the bight under the standing part and over the top and then tops it off with two half hitches. Maybe what is necessary for a tugboat, but the first two loops do the job for me.

Sam Chapin, Key West, FL

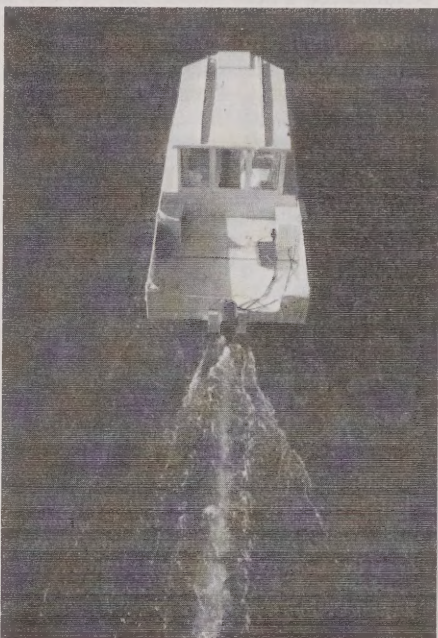
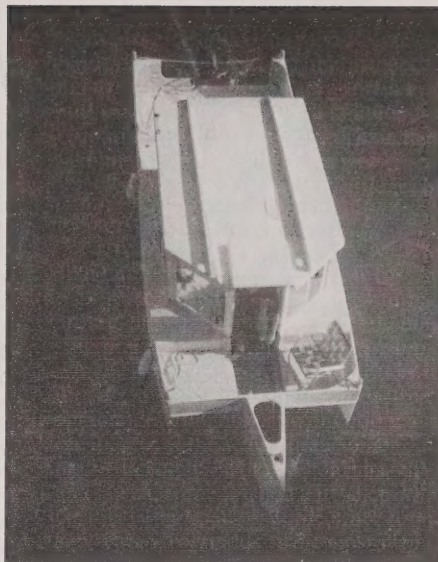


Stretched Bantam

Here are three photos of my 26' stretched Bolger Bantam, including one in 16" of water amongst the mangrove islands of the Indian River Lagoon here in Florida. I am very pleased with the result of the stretch job.

The best advice Mr. Bolger ever offered was "shallow draft." Despite millions of boats here in Florida, I always find peace and quiet in the large areas outside the channels where they cannot go.

John Bartlett, FL



This Magazine...

Keeps My Priorities Set

Today I'm off to spiling the sheerstrakes. I'm excited and a bit apprehensive, a combination which leads me to do good work. Reading *MAIB* keeps my mind set to priorities we have, boats and their lore. Hearty congratulations on the 500th issue. *MAIB* is a success.

Andrew Dugallo, Shoreham, VT

Their Own Priorities

It seems that every one has their own priorities. I read Kent Lacey's article on the Trent Severn Waterway and what I learned was that he spent three summers doing a trip that I did in about a week. I also learned that he doesn't like Raman noodles.

I really want to go back and do parts of the waterway again and visit some of the towns along the route. The trouble with making boat deliveries is that you always travel at the pace of the skipper.

I eat Noodles Raman at home, some of my best recipes include them.

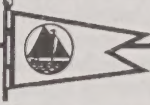
Mississippi Bob, Apple Valley, MN

Loves the Rants and Raves

I've been reading your magazine since 1989 and I really appreciate the job that you are doing. I like "Windows on the Water," the occasional historical pieces, the accounts of local messabouts, the arguments about plywood and rowing styles, and I love the want ads.

But what I truly enjoy the most is the letters that rant and rave about the evils of jet skis and overpowered motorboats. Every time I read one, I'm comforted by the feeling that I'm not alone.

Martin Kokus, Pippa Pases, KY

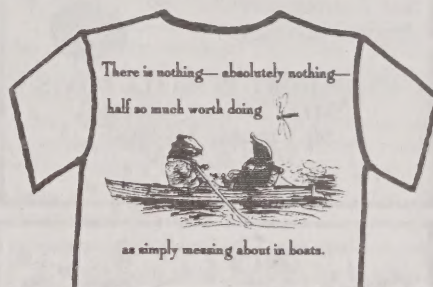


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You write to us about (annex)...

Really Strong Opinions...

Editor Comments: Occasionally we publish something that really seems to fire up strong opinions. In the March 1 issue, reader Brad Lytle raised concerns about the safety of Derek Van Loan's Sleeper design, subject of a current ongoing series on building the boat by Don Elliott. Brad's concerns were over the potential of being accidentally trapped belowdecks should the hatch fall closed and self-latch with someone within, and subsequent possible suffocation from perceived inadequate or no ventilation. Brad qualified his analysis of the safety aspects by stating, "Perhaps I do not understand Sleeper's design sufficiently."

Before I published Brad's letter I sent a copy to Derek and asked for his response,

which I then published with Brad's letter to settle the issues raised. Derek pointed out that the hatch could not self latch, locking anyone below, and that the ventilation provided by the Maurice Griffiths hatch design used on many cruising sailboats (including John Manry's Atlantic crossing tiny 13' Old Town Whitecap sloop *Tinkerbelle*) for belowdecks ventilation precluded accidental suffocation.

Reader Jon Knudson was not satisfied with this and wrote much more emphatically (with no caveat about whether or not he understood the design) about his concerns with what he characterized as a "box that has been designed by some amateur who calls it a boat." Since he was reiterating Brad's concerns with considerably more emphasis, I saw no reason to publish his letter flogging what I considered a dead horse. This did not sit well and I heard again from reader Knudson, this time about a padlock he saw in the drawing that accompanies each installment article. I sent this along to Derek for further commentary. Herewith the exchange of correspondence that has ensued over this issue.

First reader Knudson's reply to my letter disagreeing with his concerns:

"In regards to the locking hatch: If you look at the picture in your December 1 issue, you can see a padlock to lock the hatch closed, which means there is a hasp to hold said lock. If some stranger with evil in his/her mind came along and put something in that hasp, the person or persons inside would be locked in with no way out except to kick out the transom. Because of the limited depth under that deck, one probably could not get his legs up to break out the top and I am not sure a person would have enough upper body strength to do it either. If the boat was in the water at that time, the person might drown before they could slide out since there is very little wiggle room.

Derek's/your argument that this special hatch allows air circulation may be true. The key word here is "allows." However, there has to be some force to move that air, such as a blower or possibly exterior wind. Without that the air in that hull will remain in the hull, especially if it is being made heavier with every breath. You make mention of a backpacker's tent. That is not comparable because the hull is more or less waterproof, which also makes it very resistant to the passage of air, whereas the tent fabric will allow the passage of air. Bad example. If one has to build such a short boat to sleep in, I would really think about some sort of tent cover rather than the hard cover.

You say you forwarded my letter to Derek for his direct reply to me. I doubt he will reply since the letter I sent to him already was quite a bit stronger than what I sent you for publication. I was aware you might not print my letter because of advertising his plans. Now that you have been made aware about the possibility of injury in such a plan, you had better hope nothing ever happens."

The letter reader Knudson sent to Derek was by way of Don Elliott, but actually went to Derek's address:

"Since I don't know Derek Van Loan's address, the next best contact is you since you

are the person who is claiming copyright of the prints and story in *MAIB*.

I cannot believe you think that is a safe boat. It is nothing but a box that has been designed by some amateur who calls it a boat. I doubt you could get a publication such as *Woodenboat* to publish it.

In the first drawing (December 1, 2003) you show a padlock arrangement to lock that hatch cover down. That means someone could be locked inside that "coffin" with no way out except to possibly kick out the transom. And they would probably drown if the "boat" were in the water.

And for Derek Van Loan to say the closed hatch would supply enough air for two people to sleep in there is ludicrous, especially in a warm climate. One should realize that when we breathe in air the lungs extract oxygen from that air and we exhale carbon dioxide. Carbon dioxide is heavier than air and therefore will build up in the lower part of the boat, gradually replacing the air with oxygen in it. Even with an open hatch, if there were little or no wind, people could suffocate in that boat.

I get a real charge out of you printing "Copyright material do not copy" on the drawings. Who in their right mind would want to copy that sorry mess? I have built five or more similar hulls over the years but all were open utility boats for use in and around the harbor as tenders or maintenance boats. I cannot imagine trying to sleep inside one-third of the interior room of that hull.

I am also amazed that the editor of *MAIB* let you put that crap in there. I hope you and the designer have plenty of liability insurance. If someone dies in that claustrophobic coffin you might need it."

Derek undertook to respond to this despite reader Knudson's doubts:

□ You express concern over the □ padlock arrangement □ in Don Elliott's drawing of Sleeper in the December 1, 2003 issue of *Messing About in Boats*. You haven't had the advantage of seeing the full plans that call for a hasp loop on deck that provides a place for the padlock to be locked.

This holds the hasp in the unlatched position and keeps the padlock from becoming lost. As for □ kicking out the transom, □ it would be far easier to merely force open the hatch cover which is constructed of 1/4" plywood.

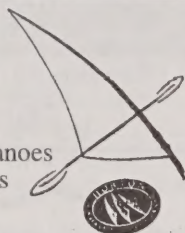
To your contention that there would not be enough "air for two," you are full of your favorite metaphor. So far my vital signs and those of others are living proof that there is. When the weather is too warm I simply prop the hatch cover open. And California is certainly a "warm climate," where only the wind dies in the evening.

Don Elliott's splendid drawings accurately depict the accommodations for two people. Don's drawings, as he repeatedly points out, complement the actual plans. This boat is not for the obese or for those who lack imagination."

Editor Wrap-up: Okay, there it is. I am not going to entertain any further correspondence on this subject as both sides have aired their views.

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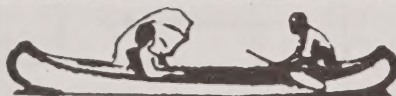
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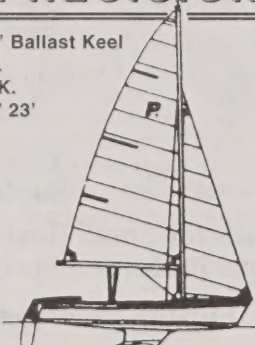
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18' - 21' 23'



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As I wandered out to the front room this morning the sun was still asleep. I made the tea and was just pouring my first cup when the room was lit up by an emergency vehicle strobe light. Wait, fire engines have rotating lights, this was steady and too all encompassing to be a rescue vehicle. The sun had leaped from its cloudy bed and was flinging colors across the entire sky. This was no slight tinge or sailor's gentle reminder that a red sky in morning should be a warning. No, this was a wanton display of passionate pinks. I've seen flamingos that would have traded in their feathers for this hue.

Normally the sunrise is controlled and stays to the immediate eastern horizon, often seeping out in fingers of color to tickle the clouds that extend out in front of the house. Rarely have I witnessed such a rambunctious splash of pigmentation. The whole vault of heaven was consumed in the fiery display. I stood in cold bare feet, a cup of hot tea forgotten in my hands as I gawked like a country mouse looking down Fifth Avenue. All summer I've been up for the sunrises, and wonderful as they were I realized that the best and most spectacular morning illuminations were those of the winter months.

I suppose that there are a million scientific reasons for this phenomenon. There was a storm somewhere in the Namibian desert that tossed dust into the upper atmosphere, a little known volcano out in the Pacific Ocean has coughed up a clot of sulfurous gas, the wildfires out west have lifted the ashes of all those trees and houses up into the jet stream. Why is the effect of the solid reasons MORE in evidence in the winter than the summer? Were I penning a children's story, I'd say that Mother Nature was giving us a brief taste of warmth and happiness to help us get through the long cold day ahead. I know that it works in that very simple way for me. Each morning, and many afternoons, I am cheered to witness the sun's spectacular arrival and departure. I am almost guaranteed a sunrise every morning. It's a really stormy day when I don't see at least a sliver of sun cutting through the offshore cloud banks.

On the snowy stormy mornings we may not see the sun at all, but due to the layering of the clouds, unless it is actively snowing, we'll have a reflection of the sun gilding the



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Flavors of Dawn

water out on the bay. You have to look quickly as it is a momentary effect. The rays slice through the tattered clouds to reach the water's steely surface. Like a thin gold wash over silver, the light is easy to miss. A phenomenon like Jacob's Ladder is a common occurrence on a morning before a storm. The long golden rays spear earthward, piercing the bulky clouds, the ladders spread to be wider at their bases, bracing solidly for the use of angels.

There is a particular hot, molten appearance to a sunrise that stirs the memories of long dead Viking ancestors. You could be from any culture and recognize this sunrise as one that could melt any metal you'd chose to place in its furnace. A Venetian would say that it was a giant retort of molten glass waiting for the blower's pipe to be inserted. An Indian would see the burning ghats on the banks of the Ganges. It is a sunrise that may be ignored in the streets of Gary, Indiana, what's one more Bessemer furnace to a tired swing shift walking out into a new day? Sitting here on the cold Northeast coast it is a shot of warmth that reaches deep within and jump starts a groggy engine. Starting the day

after witnessing this sort of sunrise is always easier.

As the winter continues our clouds change in their appearance and mannerisms. There will be some mornings that arrive with a slice of bright tangy lemon rather than the expected OJ-colored sky. This is usually accompanied by a thin high set of wispy cirrus clouds. These delicate Irish lace curtains across the sky don't seem as capable of holding all the violent reds and pinks as do their muscle bound cumulus cousins. The cirrus most often fade away as the sun climbs higher, rather like spinster aunts who, having introduced the honored guest at a party, then sit along the sidelines.

The Christmas holiday sunrises last year were a varied lot. As the day progressed and the sun rose higher, a disturbing tinge of sulfurous brown was evident along the horizon. No leftover greeting of sunrise, this malodorous ring around the collar was proof that somewhere west or south of us the constraints on industry were failing. It usually takes a heavy thermal inversion to bring in this smoggy smudge. I suppose that the particulate materials may be part of the equation for such spectacular sunrises. It would be more to my liking to have fewer or at least less colorful sunrises if it was proof that the Clean Air Act had some teeth in it and I wasn't going to be breathing this sludge and damaging my lungs with sunrise residues.

Whatever the underlying reason for all the super color on winter mornings, I still feel like a kid standing at the ice cream counter slowly working my way through all 31 flavors, chosen at random by the server to surprise me. Being concerned with our coastal environment's health, I can only hope that there will be a way in the future to have my flavors and clean air, too.

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according to the blessings of the
Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

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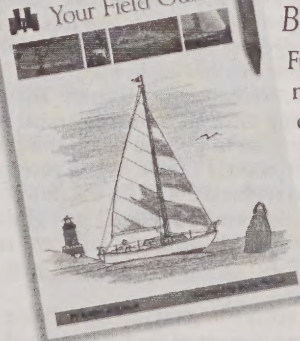
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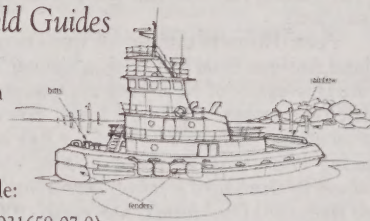
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Reviewed by Dan McCarthy

Like the two previous versions, the Third Edition of *The Old Outboard Book* by Peter Hunn is fun and useful to more than collectors. The author has made improvements with each edition. This one features updated entries (into the 1970s), inclusion of Australian and British jewels (yes the mighty Seagull is there), expanded appendices, and Internet sites.

The first few chapters concern the early development of outboard motors. I read these to answer questions I've had for a long time about the relationship between Johnson and Evinrude motors, Outboard Motor Corporation (OMC) and Bess and Ole Evinrude, and then about Carl Kiekhaefer, Mercury, and the two Mariner brands. It's all there. The interesting stories and history of early outboards, researched with care and documented with footnotes, but presented in a casual style with lots of pictures and drawings of old motors.

Early history and individual chapters on the big brands, give way to chapters like "Private Brands," "Where Have all the Old Outboards Gone," "Outboard Accessories," and "The Antique Outboard Motor Club."

Chapter 9, "The Big List," is the longest chapter in the book, it's a 43-page alphabetical listing of old motors. Because I have a childhood recollection of poking around New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee in a Lightning with a trusty Scott Atwater thrumming away on the stern, I went right to the Scott Atwater listing where I devoured six pages and seven illustrations about the brand. I found all the brands I remembered and many new ones. Buccaneer, Mighty Mite, Gale, they're all there. Each listing includes a brief summary likely punctuated by an amusing anecdote, drawing, or photo.

Chapter 12, "Price Guide and Rarity Rating," will give you an estimated value for a pre-war Lauson that is "mostly there" or '57 Lightwin in near original condition. The book closes with "Appendix A, Model Year Guide" where you can date an engine by the serial number, "Appendix B, Spark Plug Chart" where you will learn that one correct plug for a 5.5hp Oliver Challenger is a Champion J 8J gapped to .030. There is a very good index as well.

MAIB readers who are motorheads from those days will enjoy this book on a number of levels. Some will read it for nostalgia, others will get greasy fingerprints all over it as they identify, price and tinker with old outboards. Everyone will like the stories and illustrations.

Peter Hunn is curator of the Thousand Island Antique Boat Museum, a teacher at the State University of New York at Oswego, and a lifelong antique outboard lover. His other publications include *The Golden Age of the Racing Outboard*, Devereux 2000, *Vintage Culture of Outboard Racing*, Devereux 2001, and *Beautiful Outboards*, Devereux 2002.

Reviewed by Robb White

You know, I am not (or try not to be) a collector. I don't want to be like these old sisters around here with their antique furniture who love to talk about their Chippendales and the unique characteristics of various Persian rugs and the distinctiveness of 18th century



Book Reviews

The Old Outboard Book

By Peter Hunn
International Marine
US \$21.95/CAN \$34.95



American credenzas and such. What these old gals are trying to do is regain their youth when they themselves were objects worthy of attention. Now, despite the nips and tucks of the best cosmetic surgery of the day, the only way they can get any attention is to show off what all they can buy instead of what all they came by naturally, so they collect "antiques."

Talking to other women about their possessions is only the second most important attention-getting behavior. The most important is badgering some furniture repairman about fixing this old junk when it, as it always does, continues to fall apart. There is a creed among these men that one must never use epoxy glue to put the damn thing back right. The reason is simple. When you charge \$20 just to reglue a 200-year-old dowel, you want to make sure that it don't stay glued for another 200 years. Antique furniture repair "is an art." Art fact...I like hot melt glue myself.

I am not holding myself up as better than these fading flowers of the hot houses of long ago. Hell, everything I do is connected with trying to regain my youth and fool myself that the good old days aren't gone. I know that I can't get all frumped up and foxed out and go to the USO dance where the adoration was

back in WWII but I can, dammit to hell, go down to the water with a boat that wouldn't be out of place when I was a beady eyed boy back when the world was young and mostly unexplored and play like nothing has changed.

After all, my eyes are still just as beady as they were then. A smooth running, electronically ignited, almost silent, leak proof, smokeless Honda eight back there on the stern just does not give the same feeling of adventure.

It is fine when I am going on with my regular business of going where I need to go and doing what I have to do, but when I am on a quest I like for the outboard which propels me on the adventure to act like they used to do. I like to hear the spark advance lever rattle against the cowl. I like to see a contrail of blue smoke hanging above my wake in the early morning mist. I even like for my finger and thumb to have that ancient nostalgic stench from where I unscrewed the knurled vent screw on the gas tank and turned on the petcock to let the old familiar juice dribble into the float bowl of the carburetor (and probably down the transom into the bilge).

No high tech gadget, no idiotically decorated "home page," no three lines worth of tower on a cell phone, no goddamn do gooder electronic squawk of the car to tell me that I have closed the door and put the key in the hole before I hooked up my seat belt (and I have been using seat belts ever since Fangio was winning all the road races in Europe) can tickle me like when an old outboard cranks with the first pull. I feel invulnerable while I diddle the choke to keep it running while it warms up enough to vaporize the fuel good enough to run lean like it ought to. I feel a communion with the past and all the old long gone mariners who did exactly that same thing for so many years as I adjust the high speed jet and feel the boat come up on plane to head out for the trip. The sound of the reciprocation of the old pistons and the whine of the old straight cut gears down under the water is music to my ears.

Peter Hunn feels that same way and it is easy to tell by reading *The Old Outboard Book*. He is not only a collector and fixer of the old things, but he must run them all the time, too. He has done so much research on the myriads of old engines that I can't believe his catalog isn't complete, but he says new information still trickles in about some old, long forgotten dream of some mechanical genius who put his family through no telling what kind of hardship while he built his prototype and hard scabbled up what it took to go into production. As new information surfaces, new editions of *The Old Outboard Book* are published. It is sort of like the 200-year-old dowel...can't make a permanent job of it.

Peter Hunn writes so well that you get a feeling for not only the old engines and the people who built them and used them, but the never ending hunt to find old specimens. This book isn't just a dry list of facts like in an antique furniture book. The dry facts are in the book, too, and you can look up your old engine and find when it was made (my J80 Johnson was built in 1936).

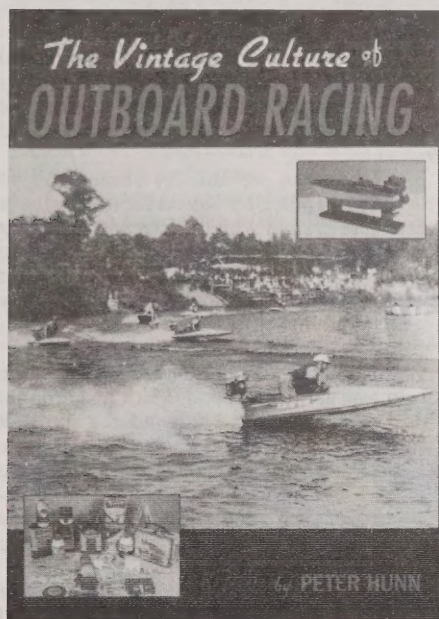
I'll be damned if I'll give in and start collecting beyond what I need to make my expeditions. I have an old Neptune Mighty

Mite and an Elto Pal both with bad coils and that is the extent of my non running engines. The rest of them run just as well as they did when they were brand new. They are (in order of the length of time I have had them) a 1953 Evinrude Weedless Three, the J80

Johnson, a 1946 Martin 60, and a 1973 Johnson 9.5, and that's enough...

Except, a reader of this magazine just sent me the cutest, tiniest, little gas tank I ever saw. It is sausage style and wrapped around the flywheel of what must have been the

littlest Johnson outboard motor ever built. I don't think holds a pint of gas. Maybe I can go back in Peter Hunn's book and find exactly what I am looking for and then get on eBay and find an old motor that would go cheap because it has a beat up gas tank but it is in perfect condition. Rats.



The Vintage Culture of Outboard Racing

By Peter Hunn

Soft cover 7" x 10"
240 pages
Cover 4 colors

Price: \$34.95

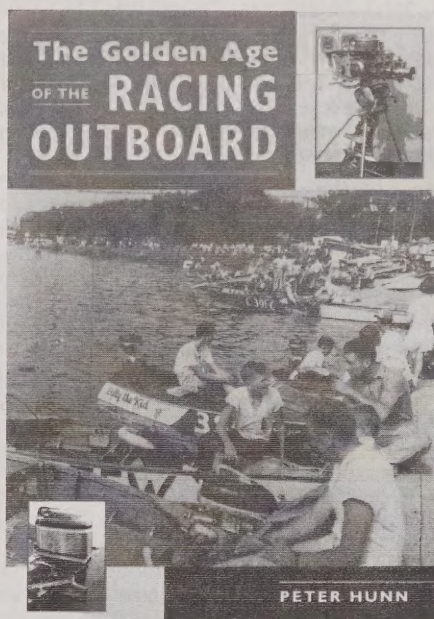
Beautiful Outboards presents a select group of some 45 outboard motors, each chosen for its historical significance and its aesthetic and technical merit. The photos are not snapshots. Following the format of the newly published *Beautiful Engines*, this book's outboard motors are individually staged for portrait type photography. Expect beautiful pictures and wonderful color printing.

Together with the photos, descriptive text highlights the technical features of each engine, its importance in advancing technology, its place in the market of its era, and its collectability. As appropriate, the history of specific motors and how they came into the possession of the current owners is also included. The motors included come from important collections in the U.S. and Canada.

The period covered runs from 1901 and the first electric outboard motors, 1907 and the introduction by Waterman of the first gasoline "rowboat" motors, and continues up to the 1960s. It's a time span that saw a wonderful variety of ingenious outboards from a wide variety of companies both large and small. Johnson, Evinrude, Mercury, Champion. Elto, they're all here in all their glory.

About Those Devereux Books

We asked publisher Stan Grayson for the details of his books mentioned by Dan McCarthy and here they are:



The Golden Age of the Racing Outboard

By Peter Hunn

Soft cover 7" x 10"
240 pages
Covers/Jackets: 4 colors

\$34.95

A look at a unique time in American boating life and culture. *The Golden Age of the Racing Outboard* is an encyclopedic resource for those interested in collecting and restoring the fascinating variety of motors from the period. It also provides the most complete listing yet published of the boats, both factory built and those available as kits or plans, that once plied lakes and rivers throughout the country in countless races.

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Beautiful Outboards

By Peter Hunn

Hard cover 8-1/2" x 11-1/2"
128 pages
Jacket: 4 colors

\$36.95

Sequel to *The Golden Age of the Racing Outboard*, this is the first book to capture the colorful story of the people, events, and organizations that paved the way for modern outboard boat racing in America. The book offers a compelling, personal look at the famous and little known men and women who participated in an immensely colorful and rewarding sport. Author Hunn ranges from those in the Prop Masters Hall of Fame to the amateurs who, racing tiny wooden boats, formed the sport's backbone. The primary time period is from the late 1940s to the late 1960s.

Author Hunn stresses the important role of local clubs which organized "cottage racing" events on lakes and rivers throughout the country. Hunn also explores the colorful world of racing related collectibles, from motors and much sought after accessories to publications, movies, toys, even kids' lunch boxes with outboard racing themes.

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The Continuing Adventures of *After You*

By Steve Tiebout

(In the February 15 issue reader Steve Tiebout "wrote to us about..." a unique backyard boat. We now have in hand reports from Steve on further adventures of this craft, *After You*, and in order to establish the basis for the now ongoing tale, we start off with a reprint of that earlier letter).

Skipper has built a boat in the backyard, a 20' sloop with a snug cabin. When he wants to go "sailing" he walks ten yards from the kitchen door and climbs a small stepladder to the cockpit and hoists the mainsail (of which he is proud, having hand sewn it from a new cream colored cotton canvas drop cloth).

He has to admit that most of the time not enough wind gets through the trees and bushes to provide enough "action." But on stormy days and nights things can be exhilarating, even a bit frightening. The mast (a 2"x4") whips and vibrates and the hull creaks and groans. The intrepid sailor plays the sheet skillfully to avoid an accidental jibe. It helps that there is no need to steer (there is a fancy varnished ship's wheel, but it is not connected to anything).

Night sailing is special. After getting unbearably cold "standing watch," he ducks into the cabin and pours a steaming mug of hot buttered rum from the pot on the stove. That's sailing, mon!

A backyard boat doesn't cruise or race or qualify one for club membership but it does have advantages. It can't run aground because it is already there, and it doesn't know there are such things as adverse currents and unfavorable winds. Leeway? Noway! Skipper appreciates the absence of an engine. No shocking first cost, no nagging fuel and maintenance expenses. Navigation is a snap. The cardboard facsimile GPS can be adjusted to show any location (the boat recently rounded Cape Horn in a flat calm).

As with all of Skipper's previous boats, his wife has never been aboard the backyarder even though he told her, "I've named it after you!" He persuaded his friend Martin to come for a sail but Martin became bored. "You turn the wheel and nothing happens," he said. This got Skipper thinking. Why not mount *After You* on a pivot and have the wheel turn another wheel athwartship under the stern?

It rankled when Martin complained "nothing happens" as he turned the wheel of *After You*. But Martin had a valid complaint. A dummy wheel, no matter how beautifully varnished, can never give a sailor the "feel" of a boat. Skipper knew this in his heart. He couldn't be proud of *After You* until he found a way to steer her.

He had an idea. He sketched it on a napkin during the Wednesday morning coffee break of the Maritime Research & Retrofitting Volunteers and explained that he would mount the boat on a turntable with the stern hanging over the edge. There would be a car wheel secured athwartship to the transom and connected by a drive chain to the ship's wheel.

The Volunteers thought this was feasible. Mark said that the turntable looked like a pretty complicated undertaking. George took a napkin and sketched a boat trailer with a third wheel mounted crossways at the hitch. "There's your turntable," he said. The Volunteers then voted to present George with the prestigious Free Cup of Coffee Award.

After the meeting Skipper and Martin went trailer shopping and found a rusty but serviceable bargain at the boatyard, plus another in the junkyard from which they removed the axle and a wheel. They also picked up a pair of sprockets and a drive chain. They drove to Mark's shop and he welded the axle to the trailer, sprocketed the wheel, and mounted it.

When the Volunteers came over to Skipper's to put *After You* on the trailer, Irwin tested the ground with his foot and shook his head. Too soft, the trailer wheels would bog down. The consensus was that the trailer needed to sit on a concrete apron. They poured one that weekend, let it cure for several days, then jacked up the boat and lowered it onto the trailer, making sure that the stern was at the hitch end. Mark had brought his welding torch and he welded a sprocket wheel to the helm and connected the drive chain. Skipper climbed aboard and swung the steering wheel to starboard. *After You* obediently swung her stern to starboard. The crew cheered. He turned her to port. Then he cranked her around a full 360 degrees.

Skipper hoisted the all natural fiber cream colored hand crafted canvas main and the Volunteers took turns at the wheel, tacking and jibing, reaching and running (well, virtually). Martin made the A-OK circle with his thumb and forefinger. Skipper lugged over a cooler of cold ones from the kitchen. George said, "All we ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by," and everyone raised a toast to *After You*, a proud ship after all.

Martin bought a real boat, a factory built fiberglass sloop, and took Skipper sailing. Sea fever struck. Skipper found himself visualizing seagulls and whitecaps and muttering, "I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky..."

He made a scale drawing of his landlocked *After You* and sketched a big leeboard, a mizzen, and a rudder. He bought a five horse outboard and, with the help of the Maritime Research & Retrofitting Volunteers, *After You* was launched in the Hudson River at Pier 26 on the first of August. Ignoring a pesky leak, Skipper, *After You*, and the inflatable *After Thought* set sail to circumsize Long Island.

Skipper tells us that a circumcission of Long Island is an ersatz circumnavigation. You take the friendly inside route, going in at East Rockaway Inlet and avoiding a tedious outside ocean trek to Montauk Point. You can visit favorite restaurants like the Anchor Inn at Freeport and drop in on friends uninvited at places like Bayshore, Bellport, Westhampton Beach, and New Suffolk.

Off Far Rockaway *After You* cruised close to the beach. This infuriated a lady life-guard in an angry red bathing suit. She gesticulated wildly, danced with rage, and radioed for the Gateway National Park police boat. By the time it came up to the attack *After You* was a innocent quarter mile offshore. Hah, hah! It roared right by, foaming at the mouth and throwing sheets of spray looking in vain for a culprit.

After You reached Bellport in time for the Annual Festival, to be greeted by the dockmaster with, "Something's coming." Something turned out to be Hurricane Bob. Skipper secured *After You* in the bullrushes up Beaver Dam Creek and his friend Alex let him put the inflatable and the outboard in his garage. Bob roared, the waters rose, but the worst was further east as was obvious later when *After You* got to Greenport. Through the picture window of Claudio's Restaurant you could see dozens of boats on the beach at City Island.

After You navigated Plum Gut with ease by simply following a fishing boat. An easterly half gale blew her to New Haven in record time. Skipper celebrated with several martinis and a hefty steak.

An excerpt from the ship's log tells of a bright blue breezy day in the middle of Long Island Sound. All is right with the world until the mainsail sprit, under considerable compression, decides to soar skyward like a giant arrow just as *Manhattan*, a huge self-propelled oil barge, is charging down on *After You*. Incredibly the outboard starts on the

first pull for the first time in its young life. Skipper blesses it from the bottom of his heart.

Also, we learn from the log that there was austerity at Oyster Bay. No restaurant, no oysters, only cold canned soup. But City Island had a wealth of restaurants plus fireworks in honor of San Genaro.

Skipper found that cruising can be rewarding. While *After You* waited at Port Morris for the Hell Gate tide to turn, a construction crew working on a sewage project fed him homemade chili, steak, home fries, beer, and more beer from "Chuck's Wagon." "Hell Gate hath no fury," Skipper reports. Its evil reputation apparently stems from the old days before the government set off a world record explosion that shattered its whirlpool rocks. *After You* slid through unscathed.

As they rounded the Battery and headed for Pier 26, Skipper looked in vain for clouds of confetti and ticker tape and welcoming throngs. No matter. They had challenged the sea and won. Now it was time to retire to the tranquility of the back yard and do some serious virtual sailing.

After You, a.k.a. *Spirit of Warthog*.



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"In the mind of the mariner, there is superstitious horror connected with the name of Pirate; and there are few subjects that interest and excite the curiosity of mankind more than the desperate exploits, foul doing and diabolical careers of these monsters in human form..." Charles Ellms, *The Pirates' Own Book*, 1837.

It was mid-week, the end of September, still warm, but a cold tang to the air. Leonardo Beach was empty, except for a woman walking a dog. One or two diehard jet skiers buzzed on the other side of the Marina. The boat was heavy for one man, about 350 lbs. But for the inflatable rollers, extravagantly purchased from a company in Southampton, England, dragging it to the water's edge would have been no easy task. Riding on cushions of PVC fabric and air, however, the boat slid easily down the beach. Del gathered up the rollers and threw them into the boat.

A soft, blustery, northeast wind rolled Sandy Hook Bay. Small whitecaps dotted the gray-green water. The late afternoon sun, low and fiery red in the western sky, reflected off the slanted roof of the Grace Building and the twin towers of the World Trade Center. Del inserted the mast through the front seat and into its fixture underneath. He attached the forestay to the bow stem and rigged the small jib. He tied the mainsail to the hoops on the mast and attached the halyard. He slipped the pintles on the rudder through the gudgeon on the transom and inserted the tiller into the rudder. He laid two 9' oars across the boat, resting them in the rear pair of silicon-bronze horns. The other two oars were left stowed under the seats as backup.

Had he remembered everything? A compass on a lanyard around his neck. His zippered kit bag from L.L. Bean (of course) stowed next to the centerboard casement. It carried the essentials: folding anchor and extra line, duct tape, a Leatherman Mini-Tool (pliers, knife, wire cutter, screwdriver), a flashlight, a battery operated navigation light (in case), a whistle, an air pump for the rollers, and a cut-off plastic Tide bottle for bailing. He had life jackets, a dive knife, a sleeping bag, a ground tarp, a slicker, and sandwiches for a midnight snack.

"Iron men in wooden ships," that's what the old timers used to say. Or at least that's what the old timers Del knew said they used to say. He wasn't sure he fit the description. Those iron men didn't wear Sperry boat shoes sans socks, Lee blue jeans, a denim work shirt, and a NYFD baseball cap. They didn't need the Kevlar vest (relatively bullet-proof), night vision binoculars, and the Stevens Model 311 double-barrel shotgun. The shotgun was an afterthought. He carried his service revolver holstered under his arm, a .357 caliber Smith & Wesson, the "military and police" model 65 (stainless steel) with a 4" barrel.

What were they likely to be armed with? Military-style assault rifles? Not likely. Rather, he thought, 9mm autos or those popular machine pistols, maybe the Cobray M-11 or the TEC-9. Nothing very accurate. His 12 gauge allowed for a variety of loads, lethal and non-lethal. Point it in the right direction and pull the trigger. That was usually enough. It was quick to reload and easy to clean (if he dropped the gun on the sand or in the mud).

A thin line of cirrus clouds stretched high across the sky. A low was forecast. He hoped

Kidd's Treasure

By Marc J. Epstein

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it arrived quickly. He needed a cloudy night sky. Sand on the beach whipped around, responding to small gusts of wind that struck suddenly then disappeared. This wasn't exactly an opportune time to go sailing, but a lone motorboat on open water, late at night, could be heard for miles around and he didn't want to be heard. Plus, he could row the boat in a few inches of water. If they caught on to him, he wanted to navigate where the opposition couldn't. Low tide would strand a motorboat in the shoals around Spermaceti Cove.

A last inspection. The skiff was an object of beauty in or out of the water, he thought, 16' long with two rowing positions. Old-fashion construction; oak stem, sternpost and frames, lapstrake planked with Jersey cedar. A narrow, flat bottom with a planked-up skeg. Enough rocker to make it maneuverable on the beach. Elegant sheer lines. For 75 years fishermen worked the ocean waters off of Sea Bright, Monmouth Beach, and Long Branch in just such boats. One of the last of the builders, a guy in Lavallette, had built his.

Del heard stories about Captain William Kidd since he was a little boy. A lone pine tree, "Kidd's Tree," in a meadow on Sandy Hook, "Kidd's Meadow," dug up repeatedly by treasure hunters well into the 1920s. Nobody with any sense believed the tales about Captain Kidd's treasure. Apparently, somebody did. Well, anyway, that's what the wife thought. The husband was dead, shot in the head at close range with a .22 caliber pistol. Superficially at least, this suggested a mob hit. But why? The guy was a nobody, living in a small, converted summer cottage in Highlands. Clamming in warm weather, a little carpentry when it got too cold, a few properties rented out. The wife couldn't tell them much. Just her weird story about the husband floating a tale about buried treasure to some cronies at the Fulton Fish Market.

Sailing a boat whose blood lines trace back nearly 150 years is different than sailing a modern boat. First, there's wood versus fiberglass. Wood has a different feel. Then there's design. Work boats require raw power, thrust to carry heavy loads (like a day's catch of fish). You felt the power as it was communicated from the sails, through the spars and mast, to the hull of the boat. Modern sailboats, geared to recreational sailors, were light to the touch. Sometimes faster, yes, but fragile and lacking in staying power. Anyway, that was what he thought. The other thing about wooden work boats is that they were built for survival. They had to be rowed and sailed in heavy weather since you never knew when a sudden storm might hit.

The sun was nearly down. He removed his shoes and rolled up his pants. Holding the boat by the transom he angled it into the wind and shoved off. He needed distance from the beach to set the sails. Quickly moving forward, he sat and began to row. Carried by the wind, the boat scudded toward the shoreline until he got it moving again with rhythmic strokes. Once into the wind, the boat settled

down. Maybe it was in his genes. Anyway, he liked rowing. It was good exercise. You were in direct contact with the water. Even with your eyes closed you could feel the strength and direction of the wind and tide, the size of the waves, and how the wooden boat managed its intimate relationship with the water.

Delano Ross spent 23 years as a New York city policeman. Like the dead man, his grandfather was a clammer in Highlands, but not for long. From his grandfather Del understood the inner compulsion to earn your living from the sea. His great grandfather shared no such compulsion. He was a Broadway actor who built himself a summer house high in the Navesink Hills. Highlands was a thriving resort in those days. Lots of arty types attracted to cool ocean breezes, swimming, fishing, and sailing.

Grandpa developed a pretty good clamming business with strong South Street connections until the Depression wiped him out. Nothing was left to his father except tenacity. Grandpa went to work for one of his former customers at the Fulton Fish Market and moved his family to Brooklyn. The family, now stranded on shore, turned to other endeavors. His father became a cop. He became a cop.

Once he was beyond the State Marina channel markers, Del dropped the centerboard. He set the jib, leaving it flapping in the wind. Then he inserted the sprit spar into the eye at the peak of the main sail. With one arm wrapped around the sprit spar, he hauled up the sail. Then he tied off both the mainsail halyard and the snorter that attached the sprit spar to the mast. The sprit spar ran diagonally from the foot of the mast to the peak. The boat nosed back toward the beach under the influence of the gusty wind. He quickly pulled in the mainsail sheet to get the boat moving and redirected the boat eastward. Once he had a solid heading, he sheeted in the jib and cleated it off. It wasn't hard to navigate as long as he ran along the shoreline. The homes, streetlights, and marinas of Leonardo and Atlantic Highlands lit the way.

Brought up on (and in) the water, helping his grandfather gather clams during summers and vacations, Del's father gravitated to NYPD's marine unit. He wasn't a diver but he could handle a boat as well as anyone. Eventually the unit became a closed shop as sons inherited positions from their fathers. Del followed his father into the unit. He was ten years on the water and graduated from City College when he got his gold shield. Assigned to the Detective Branch at Midtown South, he liked the challenge but missed the water. Still, when it came to floaters and other assorted crimes on the water, Del got the call.

Tricky to rig alone what with the additional sprit spar, once underway, the skiff showed its true colors. The boat's high freeboard gave it plenty of stability even in rough water. It sailed easily one-handed. With fully filled sail and heeled to the gunwales, it maintained both its direction and its forward momentum as it sliced through the 2' chop. Also, once heeled, the flat bottom was no disadvantage even in rough seas. The spritsail was a common rig in smaller boats until the end of the 19th century. It provided larger sail area with a shorter mast since the peak of the sail was held aloft by a spar. To reef the sail, say in a sudden squall, you need only detach the

sprit spar and tie off the peak to the mast. Also, since the shorter mast required no shrouds or backstay, you could quickly stow the whole rig in the boat while underway. This was especially critical if you were departing and returning through the ocean surf, which is what local fishermen did.

The open end of the Atlantic Highlands Municipal Marina faces east toward Sandy Hook. The south side has piers and a launching area. The northern side is breakwater, a jetty that runs approximately three quarters of a mile, inside of which are sailboat moorings. The closed, west end is a high dirt berm, plus rocks and pilings, the latter, a bare skeleton of the old railroad pier that burned in 1966.

They found the body on the beach, face down, just a few yards west of the marina. A middle-aged white male, fully clothed with no identification. The coroner said the body had been in the water between 12 and 24 hours. The wife reported Leonard Boxwood missing. She identified the body at the morgue. There aren't a lot of reasons to murder a clammer. The cops thought it had to be sex, drugs, or money. Apparently not. Still, it was hard to accept the idea of a "casual" crime like robbery-murder, not on the water. The wife told her treasure story to the Atlantic Highlands police and to the Monmouth County detectives. Nobody took her seriously.

The sky darkened and a full moon rose over Sandy Hook. The bay glowed with white light. Del waited anxiously for the cloud cover and rain that was expected. New York glittered to the north. Ambrose Light, hidden by Sandy Hook, pulsed in the sky ahead of him. The last TNT ferry flashed by, Wall Streeters hurrying home to hearth and family. Del strapped the battery powered navigation light to the forestay and turned it on. He didn't want to be run over by a "head" boat going out for an evening's fishing.

Del didn't take the wife seriously either, not at first. Her story was too fantastic or, maybe, silly. Charlie Nagy had called him when the Atlantic Highlands Police Department ran out of ideas. No motive, no leads, just a dead clammer. Del agreed to give Atlantic Highlands a freebie. It made sense to do a little pro bono work for the locals. Del followed the path of least resistance, the only story he had, the wife's story.

He drove over to the Highlands to see her. The house was scrunched between a number of like cottages, all right up on the street. The houses showed neglect, scruffy gardens, paint peeling, and roofs tar patched. Mrs. Boxwood was a small woman, tight-mouthed and plainly dressed. She invited Del to sit but didn't say anything, no idle chatter. He reciprocated by getting right to the point.

"Mrs. Boxwood," he said, "I'm interested in your treasure story."

For the first time she smiled, apparently surprised. He continued.

"I don't understand your husband's fascination with Captain Kidd."

"It's a family connection," she replied. "A member of Kidd's crew, Moses Butterworth, was a distant relative of my husband. Leonard was a dreamer. He believed that Kidd, or maybe Butterworth, buried treasure on Sandy Hook. He thought if he floated the idea in New York, someone with money might fund some research and excavation."

"I see," he replied.

"Billy Rosen, who worked for South Street Clams, took an interest in Leonard's story. I don't know where it went from there."

"Leonard told you that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Tell me more about South Street Clams," he said.

"I can't really. They bought Leonard's clams and they paid well."

"Who owns South Street Clams?" he asked.

"A fellow named Angelo Martin. I've never met him." This wasn't getting him anywhere. One more time.

"What leads you to believe that this treasure story has something to do with Leonard's death?" he asked.

She looked at her hands and didn't say anything for a few moments. Then she answered. "Frustration, I suppose. I don't have anything else."

Now Del was frustrated. "Mrs. Boxwood, please. Something is bothering you. You know this buried treasure story sounds a farfetched."

She gazed at him and remained silent.

"Please."

"You won't laugh at me?" she said. "Those other policemen treated me like I was an idiot child."

"I'm asking. I really want to know."

"Alright then. One of Leonard's prize possessions was Butterworth's bible and a will leaving his share of the prize money to his wife. They were passed down in the family. Both of these items are gone. I can't find them."

"Do you think Leonard showed them to Billy Rosen?"

"I don't know for sure, but they're gone. Leonard would never leave them with anyone. Someone took them and killed him."

Well, maybe. Feeling a bit better, Del thanked Mrs. Boxwood and drove home. There'd be no reason to dump the body in the bay, he thought, unless Boxwood was killed on a boat. I mean why cart a dead body out on a boat when you could just as easily dump it in the woods? And since the clammer's boat was securely tied up in Highlands and, according to friends, hadn't been out recently, this suggested someone else's boat.

Using his contacts at NYPD's Organized Crime Intelligence Unit (OCIU) he requested a list of mobster types who had boats registered in New York and Jersey. Lots of mobsters were into boating, apparently. Big boats, little boats, very few sailboats. The list was in the hundreds, but only a few names had identifiable connections to the Fish Market. Bingo. One name was Boxwood's best customer, Angelo "Big Beef" Martin, owner of South Street Clams. Not much to go on, but something. You had to wonder why a guy in the clam business was called "big beef." Another mystery.

With the wind still blowing from the northeast, Del continued to sail on a close haul directly east toward Spermaceti Cove. After he was safely past the Highlands channel, he turned off the navigation light. Tacking his way to Horseshoe, which was directly into the wind, was a waste of time. He would hold his easterly heading until he neared land, drop his sails, and then row to the southernmost end of the Horseshoe Cove. He'd anchor close to land so his boat would fade into the dark

background of the Sandy Hook Peninsula. Martin's boat was conspicuous consumption at its most American, a large Hatteras, hard to miss. If he ran into trouble he'd row inside the shoals of Spermaceti Cove where Martin couldn't follow. During the summer, Horseshoe Cove was a popular destination for local boaters. But as the weather grew colder, fewer boats stayed overnight.

The connection between Boxwood's death and Martin was still so tenuous as to be non-existent. He might have dropped the case but for one thing. The local paper, the *Asbury Park Press*, ran a story about a deal between the National Park Service, which runs Sandy Hook National Seashore, and Treasures Unlimited. According to the *Press*, Treasures Unlimited, recently incorporated in New Jersey, was authorized to search for "valuable property" on the Sandy Hook peninsula. The U.S. government and Treasures Unlimited would share the rewards if such "valuable property" was recovered. Intrigued, Del called Trenton to find out who owned Treasures Unlimited. One of the principles was Angelo Martin. Too many coincidences, Del thought, but what to do? The only thing he could think of was to see if Martin's interest included a visit to Sandy Hook. Pretty slim pickin's.

The moon finally disappeared behind heavy cloud cover as the low moved in. Del was relieved. He hoped the rain would hold off. When he was close to Spermaceti Cove, he dropped the jib and detached the halyard. He re-attached it to the clew of the main sail and drew the boom, sail, and sprit spar up against the mast. Then he wrapped the sail around the mast, securing it with the sheet. He raised the centerboard and rowed north to his destination.

He anchored and prepared for a long wait. He put on the Kevlar vest and a life jacket. He loaded the shotgun and checked his pistol. He took out the binoculars and began scanning the bay. Leonard Boxwood's fanciful tale notwithstanding, searching for buried treasure on Sandy Hook made no sense. Yet Martin had organized a business venture to recover something, presumably of great value, on Sandy Hook. If Martin's boat showed up at Horseshoe, it would confirm that Del was on to something, what, he couldn't imagine. It didn't figure that Martin would travel by car. You don't want to drive onto Sandy Hook in the middle of the night and thrash around in the woods. That would invite Park Police attention since the Park closed at dark.

Horseshoe was the logical destination. South of Horseshoe you had the shoals and sandy bank of Spermaceti Cove to deal with, plus you were too close to Highlands. North of Horseshoe you were too easily seen by attentive eyes at the Coast Guard station. Martin's boat was docked at Great Kills Cove Marina on the eastern shore of Staten Island. Del asked NYPD to put a watch on the boat and let him know if it left the marina. He didn't have high hopes, but he'd gotten the call this morning. Martin's boat had departed.

It was starting to get chilly. Del wrapped himself up in his sleeping bag and ate a sandwich. The night closed in on the bay. You could still see the twinkle of lights all around you at a distance, but nearby everything was black. At 3:35 AM, Del heard an engine. It was too late for returning "head" boats and

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too early for commercial fisherman. Thirty minutes later Martin's boat, or its twin, approached Horseshoe Cove. Del wondered if it would try to work its way close to land. Not a good idea at night when the tide was out. The boat anchored 100 yards or so outside the cove. A small dinghy was lowered from davits on the stern and two men rowed to shore.

Del thought about his options. The boat registration number confirmed that it was Martin's boat, but who was aboard? Plus, it would be nice to know what they were doing. Unfortunately there was no good way of doing either. If he rowed closer to the boat he might be seen, plus it was too dangerous. If he went ashore and tried to follow them, they'd hear him. He decided to give it up. The wind had shifted and was now blowing from the South. He'd have a straight shot back across the bay on a beam reach and then a quick row to Leonardo Beach. He dropped the centerboard and raised the anchor. He lowered the boom and sprit spar and detached the jib halyard from the main sail clew. He re-attached the halyard to the jib and raised it. Then he sheeted in the two sails. Like a thoroughbred nervously waiting in the starting gate, the sails gathered the wind and the skiff plunged into the night.

(To Be Continued)

Sail Maine on the Schooner Lewis R. French



Photo by Doug Lee

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We were headed east about an hour out of Cape May. It was the winter of '58. I was on board the Coast Guard Cutter *Agassiz*. She was an old ship at that time, originally built for the Navy as a sub chaser, but by the beginning of WWII she was outdated and the Coast Guard got her. She was 125' long, all wrong for the Atlantic. When the Atlantic gets rolling good a boat of that length will ride up over a wave then crash hard into the next one. Bigger or smaller would have been a better choice. She was notoriously a seasick boat.

We had everything stowed and were getting into the routine of the trip. Our destination was the Hudson Canyon on a mission to rescue an offshore lobster boat. The Hudson Canyon was an overnight trip each way. I went below to the galley and found our Engineering Officer peeling spuds. I asked him why he was doing this and he reminded me that his duties also included the commissary. He was the head cook.

I was an E3 and he was W1. Something was wrong with this picture. □ Where are the cooks? □ I asked. □ Joe stayed ashore and Sam has his head in the john, □ he said. He had a large kettle warming on the diesel range. This pot was about half full and lashed down well on top of the range. I took over his duty and put together about 20 gallons of veggie beef soup. The diesel range began to make bad smells when the ship rolled 15 degrees or more, which is why Sam the steward was sick.

I got the soup simmering and headed outside for some air. On my way out I half filled six coffee mugs, put them on a tray, and headed to the bridge. I was well received on the bridge. The coffee made the rounds and everyone was happy.

The captain still had the deck. He asked me how things looked below. I told him that all seemed secure but the head was full of guys praying to the God Commode. □ Already, □ he said, □ it's going to get a bit rough tonight, they will really have something to holler about. Before it gets dark let's check everything on deck. I don't want you guys out there at night. □

I went back to the galley and turned the range down to low, then made a round of the ship. I left the galley heading forward across the engine room fiddly. I looked down into the engine room, there was a Fulchur in charge and a very sick-looking fireman to help him. The Coast Guard was run by Fulchurs and Midgits. The chief bosun told me that those families used to be the worst pirates and smugglers on the Outer Banks. I believed him. I also knew that these guys were good seaman and dependable. We had both families represented on this crew with two Fulchurs and a Midget.

I went out on deck and made a tour of the forward deck, checking all the hatch dogs and lashings. Back on the starboard side I checked the dogs on the two outside doors. This was the weather side and no good sailor would come out that side tonight. I went aft and checked the boats. They were both covered so I checked the lashings on their covers. The lazarette checked out and I headed forward again.

I went back inside through the after door on the port side, this led me back to the galley ladder. The air in the galley was getting pretty foul so I wasn't going to stay long. I started a new pot of coffee and dumped the dregs. I checked the soup and added a hand-

The Importance of Hot Soup

By Mississippi Bob

ful of salt. That fixed it, I half filled six mugs with soup and headed back to the bridge.

The captain was gone and the OD was now the chief boson. "Any problems below?" he asked.

I said, "Nothing that a new crew wouldn't fix, there are more bodies in the head than anywhere else on board."

"The soup is pretty good," he said. "Did Sam make it?"

"No," I said, "he is down in the head with all the deck hands, you can thank the engineering department for the soup."

There was a Fulchur on the wheel, Don Fulcher. He turned my way and said, "It looks like it will be you and I again tonight, Brownie."

The Chief said, "You guys think you got it tough, I have to motivate those guys in the morning so we can hook up our tow." The Chief was big enough that I knew he could motivate them when they were needed.

Don asked, "Can you take over for awhile? I've been here since we left Cape May. I have to take a leak."

"You might have to move someone out of the john so you can," I said. "What are you holding?"

"How often have you run to Hudson Canyon? You should have that one memorized by now," he said.

I said sheepishly, "Zero five zero, I've got the helm."

Don gathered up all the mugs and headed below. About a half hour later he was back with coffee and a report. □ It really stinks in the galley, no wonder the cooks are the first ones down. □

It was a long night with Don and I spelling each other. The OD and quartermaster changed watches, but Don and I kept swapping jobs every couple hours. There was one other dependable deck hand on the crew, Bobby Matthews, but he was ashore on this trip. Bobby was good, he taught me all the basics of my job. The skipper tried to never leave port without at least two of us on board.

Just before sunrise the captain was back in the bridge talking to the fisherman on his radio. There were many boats close in our area. He was trying to locate the disabled one. He had cut back on the power and the ship smoothed out quit a bit. Our rescue was located a couple miles to the north and it was time to rouse all hands and get ready to hook up our tow.

One of the quartermasters relieved Don on the wheel and we both headed for the galley for a bite. There were four seamen there each with a cup of soup trying to put something into their very empty stomachs. The Chief had them up still rather green in color, but some of that veggie beef soup began to get their color back.

Back on deck the gunner's mate had the armory open and he was assembling a line throwing gun. We had a couple of old Army Springfield that had spools of line hung below the barrels that would get pulled out by a 15-oz. projectile fired by a blank 30 caliber

cartridge. He looked at me and handed the rifle to Don. "Last time you shot one of these things I remember three shots that you took, it took me two days back in port to untangle the birds nest that I got back," he said to me. He made his point.

There were still 15' waves and the skipper didn't want to chance bumping the tow, it was nearly as long as our ship and somewhat heavier. The Chief was on the afterdeck with us talking to the skipper through sound powered phones. When the skipper maneuvered as close as he felt comfortable he gave the Chief the word and the Chief looked at Don and said, "One shot, Don."

You don't shoulder fire a 15-oz. projectile unless you want to be set on your tail. Don set the stock of the rifle on the deck and braced it there with one foot, elevated the barrel, and fired. The line went snaking out over the lobstermen and settled down between the masts. It slid down the staysail and one of the lobstermen grabbed it. He attached a messenger line to our small projectile line and we pulled that over to our ship. We attached our towing hawser to their messenger and also attached a white canvas bag to the hawser. This bag was stenciled, "Greedy Bag."

The boys on the lobster boat hauled the hawser across and fastened it to a bridle on the bow of their boat. When they were done they held up the greedy bag and gave us a signal and our ship began opening a gap. Our hawser was 900' of 2-1/2" nylon. We kept it stowed on the 01 deck next to the smokestack. A couple of hands were feeding line down to us on the main deck and we were feeding it out over the stern. The Chief still had the phones talking with the skipper.

As we approached 600' the skipper slowed a bit while we made the line fast on our towing bits, then he began easing ahead slowly while we got the tow following us. Nylon line stretches a lot. The line can be dangerous because it will stretch 30% of its length before breaking, then it will come back at you like a cannon shot. Nylon was the best we had in '57. The perfect tow will be riding on the same slope of the wave that the towing vessel is on. This does not happen easily. As the speed is increased the line stretches and adjustments have to be made as you settle into the towing.

About a half hour of towing and things were settling in where we wanted them and the Chief handed the phones to Johnson and said, "You got the first towing watch. I'll send someone up with some soup." Johnson had his rosy color back and the Chief knew he was up to the job. "Jim, you got the wheel watch, see you later," he added.

The return trips were always smoother because we were now running with the waves and were going slower. The ship was coming alive again. The Chief looked around and said, "You two get the head cleaned up and if that steward is still there tell him that I expect a real supper tonight or he's fish bait."

Don and I wrapped some chafing gear around the hawser while the Chief watched. When he was satisfied he said, "Let's go cook up a big omelet before we turn in. By the way, the skipper said this guy wants to go to Fulton Fish Market. When we drop him off there we may just get a bit of liberty at Staten Island. We can count on lobster dinner after we dock this tow." That was just fine with me, I knew a young lady who lived in St. George.



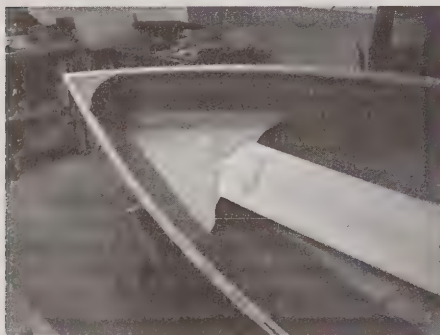
Bare hull.



Seat & floor.



Thwart & seat.



Linda on thwart.

Oblique view of hull.



The Urbanna Rocket

By Dennis Bradley

Wherein I describe crude attempts to finish one of Jim Thayer's Urbanna Rockets, a 13'6" Whitehall, and also design, especially for her, a set of adjustable oarlocks.

The Urbanna Rocket is one of Grand Mesa Boat Works' Whitehalls built in Colbran, Colorado, by the infamous James Thayer. I'd been reading about his stuff in *Messing About in Boats* for years and was fortunate to meet him in Louisiana about eight years ago. Since then Linda, my wife, son Hugh, many of his friends, and I have traveled extensively with Thayer and at times with Jan, his lovely spouse. To this point this has meant our visiting two hemispheres, several foreign countries, both coasts of the U.S., and its hinterlands in pursuit of beach cruising opportunities and the weird and wonderful characters this activity attracts.

Thayer is surely its leader by virtue of theory and practice. A more interesting and delightful gentleman I've yet to meet but self-effacing to a fault, geologist and teacher by schooling, but also writer, environmentalist, agriculturist, linguist, traveler, raconteur, and cosmopolite. And he knows everybody in the small boat field. Spend any time with him and you'll certainly learn something. Once while we were together in England, I was angry at another fellow involved in our joint efforts and complained to Jim, threatening to give the bloke a piece of my mind. Thayer paused briefly and asked me gently if I was certain I could spare it. At least this once I kept my mouth shut.

If you get the chance, you must visit his yard, perched on a glacial bench overlooking one of the loveliest valleys in the Rockies. It sits north of and 3,000 feet below the crest of 10,000' Grand Mesa and only a few miles south of the Colorado River. Yep, that's just a bit less than 7000' altitude. In a few miles' radius one can find alpine forests and tarns, bone dry deserts and canyons, and green meadows and pastures. Perhaps this was what attracted he and Jan to leave the Virginia Tidewater and bring civilization and culture to the rough-hewn spawn of mountain men and women. They saw the desperate need more than 30 years ago and rushed to fill the gap. But I digress, back to the boat works.

Believe me when I say that the yard is a fantastic place with an alien feel to it despite the lovely view. Kind of like Jurassic Park with all sorts of living fossils here and there amidst the tumbleweed (which, as Thayer is quite a botanist, too, he lets you know is actually Russian Thistle, another exotic introduction run amok).

Some carcasses are various new hulls of fiberglass, Whitehalls, duckers, and other odd craft with/without fantail sterns. Their origins are Mystic Seaport, Chapelle, Gardner, and some of Thayer's own designs. Some have been modified more for sail than rowing and some are expressly for the steamboat disease. And each began as a wooden boat built by Jim like the originals and from which he then built a mold. Like Dr. Frankenstein's monster, each of them is awaiting that stroke of lightning from some builder to animate them. And much like the monster, several have been cut apart in various, sometimes bizarre,

schemes to make them into something else, something...well...better. Please don't keep them waiting.

Then there are the real fossils, to name two, a Star sloop sans its 800 lb. bulb keel and some derelict Dutch double-ender of teak with most of its caulking hanging out. At 7,000' it's almost like a miniature Ark high on the flanks of Mt. Ararat. And you've read in an earlier *MAIB* about the Hampton boat that Thayer's friends resurrected. And amongst all the quick and the dying, if not dead, are all the molds from which many of these marvels arose, some 13 at last count from 12' to 22'! I think I saw two or more tractor corpses and odds and ends of other farm machinery, too.

The buildings, the buildings!? Dwellings, two at least, there could be more. One, now occupied by another family, was designed and built by Jim and Jan some 30 years ago. Kind of has a Frank Lloyd Wright look about it with all the stone and wood and the many levels and angles and various clerestory windows here and there to catch the view. One trailer is their original home dragged from Virginia and over Loveland Pass because it wasn't allowed through the Eisenhower Tunnel. Another trailer is hidden just below the edge of the bench with its own deck, basement (referred to with some irony as 'The Mine'), and added lean-to. I didn't even notice it the first two times I was there as its weathered patina helps keep it hidden behind thick junipers. It is filled with boat books, a piano, and other neat stuff in more or less order, emphasis on more or less.

And the sheds, three or four, filled with all sorts of boat stuff in various stages of assembly (or its opposite...one can't be sure which direction things are moving), tools, kits, hulls, lumber, plywood, resin, fiberglass, hardware...you get the idea. A virtual wonderland for the small boat enthusiast.

Which, of course, is the trouble, each hull, sitting forlorn amid the rubble as if abandoned, like the *Mary Celeste* in mid-Atlantic, sails set, an uneaten dinner just served, and the sea like a mill pond. Each hull, its destiny unfulfilled. What could I do? And the choices, way too many. But on the fourth or fifth visit, after the 2001 Kokopelli Cruise on Lake Powell, and not being able to resist any longer (plus Thayer delivered the coup de grace, a ridiculously low price), we took two Urbanna Rockets home to Minnesota. I nested them on top of *Julia May*, our Bolger long-micro. The Rocket, a small Whitehall cut down at the sheer and cutaway at the stem, is named after Urbanna, Virginia, on the Chesapeake near Jan's girlhood home.

Maybe the deal wasn't really that great, one of the hulls was missing its gel coat? We can only guess but believe it had actually sublimated (that is to say "evaporated") into the thin 7,000' air from who knows how many years of harsh ultraviolet. All that remained was a fuzz that I removed with a 3-M scrubby. I may actually have Rocket Numero Uno. She also had a few hairline cracks from a rollicking trip across the boat yard, courtesy of a Rocky Mt. Chinook. *Tumbleweed* would have been a good name for her.

Both hulls made it home safely and I set to work immediately on Hull #1. It was October and I wanted to take it with me to Florida after Christmas and thought I really had to hurry. Fortunately, the weather was

unseasonably warm and the work went rapidly. There being no plans available, I was left to my own devices regarding seating and other details. Thayer merely suggested the location of the thwart and oarlocks for a lone rower. First thing, I put another layer of glass on outside. Next I attached oak inwales and outwales with spacers as the second step, as I reasoned that since the hull was very flexible, the wales would keep the hull symmetrical while I put in bow and stern seats and a floor.

All this would be flotation, a great idea except for the fact that, as I learned from Thayer too late, buoyancy under the floor makes the hull unstable when full of water. And so it does. You may want to put in removable floorboards instead. Regarding the stern seat, because the Rocket's underbody is really a double-ender, it might be made 6' or so longer than I built her in order to allow the Adirondack chair and passenger to sit further forward. This would then lead to less adjustment in the oarsman's position from solo rowing to handling a passenger.

While all this was going on, my dinghy (a Bolger Nymph called *Julia May Knot*) with its unusual fore and aft thwart suggested another approach for the Rocket. Nymph's seat allows the rower to shift her body fore or aft to compensate for her own weight, or for a passenger in the stern sheets. It also keeps one centered, an important objective while rowing any tender craft, or in life, for that matter. But the Nymph's second set of oarlocks were not particularly useful, I never use the front ones. And they're expensive, too. So I thought why not combine Bolger's "longitudinal thwart" with an adjustable/sliding oarlock base that one could move to precisely compensate for any load?

My photos give you the idea, I hope. Chad, my bicycle equipment company friend, provided four "quick adjust" cam levers. A rough strip of rubber on the two halves of the oarlock base provides more than enough friction. And there is an eye strap on the aft end of each base to which are attached two small inline fenders across the floor and to the base of the "thwart" to serve as footrests or "stretchers," thus moving with the oarlocks. One could, of course, build a wider oarlock base to attach an outrigger for longer oars, the load on the gun's seems pretty low. But the Rocket is really too short for a sliding seat. Save that idea for using on one of Thayer's larger Whitehall hulls.

This use of a fore and aft "thwart," as in Bolger's Nymph, eliminates the cross-hull stiffening provided by a regular transverse thwart. So I considered, for a time, adding one or more ribs to resist that small portion of the rowing force that bends the gun's in or out. But I thought the gunwales would be stiff enough and didn't install them. Turns out to have been necessary and the second season found me installing three ribs midships.

I finished the job with walnut knees and breast hook, paint of sapphire blue outside, beige inside, a homemade folding "Adirondack" kind of seat for a passenger, a rudder and yoke with steering ropes and handles all fancy tack-knotted, and a flagpole with Old Glory on its top. The classic wine-glass stern was trimmed with oak to resemble a sounding whale's flukes. Her name, *Linda*, was routed into the so-called thwart that sits atop two stanchions and extends into the bow

seat. Barkley Sound Sitka spruce oars with spoons at 7'6" seem a bit long, they overlap about 8" as I have it set up so far. I think I forgot to mention the beam is 43". But I got used to it quickly and rather like the extra power I get. The oars are lovely and very reasonably priced, I thought.

One final project was to build a dolly to move the Urbanna Rocket *Linda* around, as in Florida we used it on two bodies of water about 100 yards apart. Dolly I was built of wood and used two bicycle front forks. It moved the boat effortlessly but was too high and narrow. Dolly II (photo) built from PVC is much wider and lower, see photo, but its 1/2" axle is a tad light.

This is our first real rowing boat and we think it is a delightful way to get on the water and exercise at the same time. From her, Linda caught her first keeper snook. And the mangroves of southwest Florida are particularly lovely from the Rocket.



Linda's snook.



Oh yeah, I include a photo of a typically desperate looking Thayer. Contact him for price list and remaining inventory at:

Grand Mesa Boat Works, Box 75 Route 1, Colbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088, (970) 241-6904, <Jimthayerboats@hotmail.com> But hurry, they're going fast.

Dennis and Linda Bradley, 3411 Milton St. North, Shoreview, MN 55126, 651-481-0993, <bradl008@umn.edu>. Note: That's an L and 2 zeros, not "ohs."



Oarlock details.

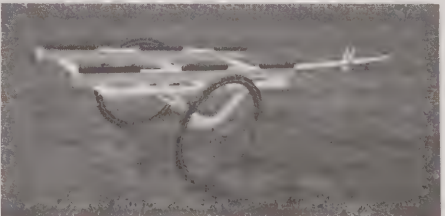


Looking aft.



Afloat.

The dolly.





EXETER MARITIME MUSEUM OF BOATS

The Maritime Museum in Exeter has the largest collection of working boats in the world, and is still growing. It is to be found on the banks of the River Exe in the heart of the city and only five minutes from the cathedral. It is housed in a number of historic warehouses and in the Exeter Canal (dug in 1566).

The craft in this catalogue are in numerical order, the number of each boat being found on the longer explanation that accompanies each boat.

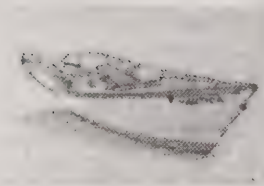
This catalog lists all the boats in the possession of the Museum. Some of them are not on display, and others may be withdrawn for maintenance or sailing. The mention of a boat does not therefore imply that it is on display. Please enquire if there is one which you are particularly keen to see.

Notice: this museum is no longer in existence.



112. SOMETIME ALASKAN WHALING UMIAK, "BRITISH PETE"

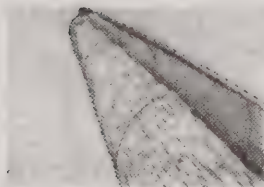
Originally used by Eskimos for whaling and moving the family and their belongings to summer camps. She was converted with a ruberised cloth for an attempted circumnavigation of Greenland by Wally Herbert. We are grateful to him and to B.P. for letting us have "BRITISH PETE".



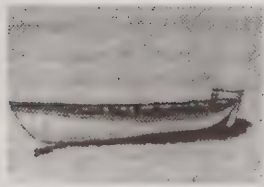
113. NAUTICA No-one will ever know how far Andrew Wilson travelled or what befell him but it is almost certain that his boat did most of the voyage from St. John's, Newfoundland empty and that the boat broke up on the rocks off the Island of Lairsay in the outer Hebrides in April 1981. The boat was given to the museum by his father.



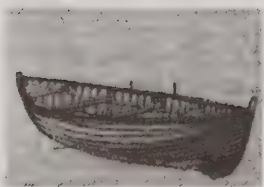
114. CAPTAIN BLIGH'S LAUNCH This is an exact replica (though in some cases wood has been laminated) of the launch in which Captain Bligh was put to sea when the crew of the BOUNTY felt they could dispense with his services. He then sailed with 18 loyal sailors 3,600 miles to Timor and safety. The wooden beam is a windlass for lifting the ship's anchor so that the ship could haul itself along—kedging—to get into or out of harbour in calms or in difficult situations. We are grateful to David Lean the film producer for the gift of this boat which was built in New Zealand.



115. EAST AFRICAN ? DUGOUT The most likely story as to how this massive dugout came to be lying in a Sussex hedge is that it was brought back by the chief engineer of the Beira-Mashonaland Railway. The museum is offering a reward for the name of the lake or river it came from and the true story behind it.



116. AZORES WHALEBOAT This graceful craft is identical to those in use to this very day (1983) for hunting the sperm whale in the waters round the Azores. There has been virtually no change in the method of harpooning and killing the whale since Captain Ahab hunted Moby Dick. This boat from the Island of Fayal was bought with grants from The Science Museum in London and the Gulbenkian Foundation in Lisbon and was brought to Southampton freight free by Commodore Lines.



117. PORTLAND LERRET. DORSET The diversity of Seine fishing boats is illustrated by many forms of craft that carry out this form of fishing (see 109). This boat derives its strength from planking, each fastened to its neighbour by closely placed rivets. Presented by Mr. Northover—a fisherman of the Chesil Bank for over 60 years.

CONCLUSION

Well over a year ago, Mr. Bob Hicks offered me a skipjack backbone that he began building in the early '80's. (See June 15, 2003 issue). I'm sorry to report I have done very little with it in terms of getting closer to completing the boat. The reasons are many, but the biggest obstacle was finding the proper place to build in as I have no shop of that size. Most of my building has been done in the basement, or outdoors, when the weather is tolerable. That's about two months of the year here in western New York.

So, what was needed for the skipjack project was a proper building shed so that work can be done all year, in any weather. To do this required the removal of a garden shed that my bride, the lovely and talented Naomi, has grown fond of over the years. But when hearing about a bigger and better shed that could house much more garden crap, she became most enthusiastic about the idea.

The process began one day when my friend and brother-in-law, Dick Powell, asked me if I was ever going to get started. I told him how I had to tear down the old shed, and I was going to get started soon but I just didn't have time. He asked if I wanted him to start, and when I shrugged and said, "I guess so," the next thing I knew he was ripping off shingles and cutting up walls. The shed was gone that Saturday afternoon. The following weekend the site passed inspection from the town fathers and we were on our way.

I have only weekends to do any building and I'm not an experienced builder, so things went slowly at first, and even slower when I made the mistake of not keeping everything square. I was very lucky to have Dick around to fix what I messed up and to keep me from making things worse. He is the real reason I have the shed. He did a lot of the work on it and made it look better than I would have ever been able to on my own.

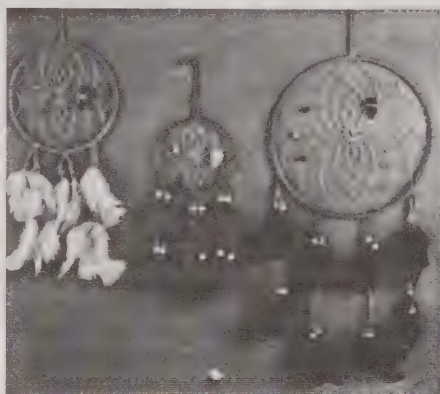
The weekends passed one after the other and it began to look more and more like a

Building Dreamcatcher

Part I

The Building Shed

By Greg Grundtisch



Dream catchers.

building. We had Mr. Tom Gruenauer, a notable antique boat builder and restorer, come by to lend a hand with some of the building and get some ideas on how to arrange a shop properly.

By late October the main body of it was finished, minus a few windows. My bride Naomi wanted to know where her garden crap was to go as there didn't seem to be much surplus space with the skipjack and some benches and shelves taking up more space than anticipated.

The look on her face required no response from me other than to tell her that the "revised plans" (like we had ANY plans for either shed), called for her own separate garden shed added to the main building. Her look was skeptical, and when she inquired about the reduction in her backyard space I replied honestly that it would reduce my lawn cutting time. This will give me more quality time to spend with you, my dear. Oh, did she ever swoon when she heard that. Or maybe it was swear, it really doesn't matter.

The building progressed into the addition and the near completion of both, save some windows that will be added in the spring when I can figure the best location for them. The wood stove was to be installed before winter, but my goofs and the time it took Dick to fix them allowed the cold weather to arrive before it could be put in. So my winter work on the skipjack was cancelled due to sub-zero weather. But by mid-March the mercury had risen to over 30 degrees and it was time to get going again.

The name of this little skipjack will be *Dreamcatcher* after the Native American fetish that is hung in the wind to capture dreams. This boat once captured the dreams of Mr. Bob Hicks, and I plan to make the dream come true for both of us. I had mentioned in a previous article that the completion date would be in early October, 2004, for the Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival and/or the Skipjack races in St. Michaels, Maryland. That date may be in question due to my winter procrastination, but I am still trying for it.

I will be using marine fir plywood for the hull, cockpit sole, and deck, P.T. for gunwales, chines, and stringers, cedar for seats and backs, fir or spruce for the spars, using the "birds mouth method" to assemble the latter, and silicone bronze fasteners and hardware. I'll probably cover the hull with epoxy saturated glass cloth. Or so I plan. I'm open to suggestions. Let the boat building begin...





1st weekend.

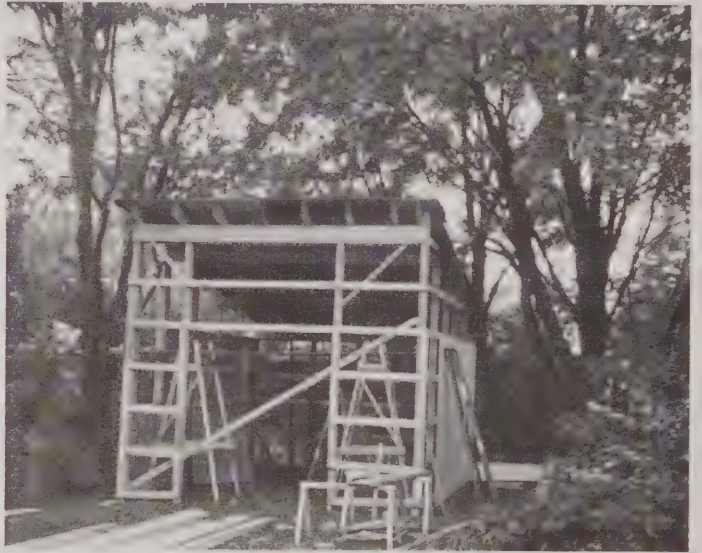


4th weekend.



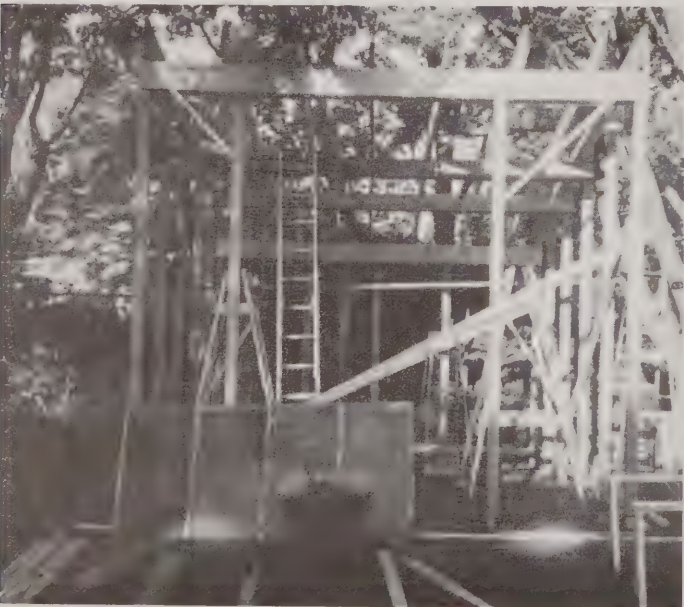
2nd weekend.

3rd weekend.



5th weekend.

6th weekend.



Our Way



7th weekend.



8th weekend.

9th weekend.



10th weekend.



11th weekend.

12th weekend.



Many years ago, certainly around 1945, outboard hydroplanes were referred to as "sea fleas." I became acquainted with sea fleas while "messing about in boats" during the summer of 1945. The acquaintance was part of an evolving experience of mine with small boats that began in the early 1930s. My family had a summer cottage and some other property on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence River in the Thousand Islands area (at the very east end of Lake Ontario). About 1933 we purchased a new boat, an 18' lap-stroke open outboard that we called *Queen Mary*.

During the wintertime our custom was to store the outboard on a stand in the cottage. About 1944 someone broke into the cottage during the winter and stole the motor. I consulted the local town newspaper for a used motor to take its place. What I found was a larger version of the stolen 3hp Johnson, an 8hp opposed twin. This motor was big and heavy. It had much more power than I expected for it planned *Queen Mary*.

I was about 17 then and had become interested in hydroplanes. Most of the fastest boats then had a single hull with a single step, but a new design called "three point suspension" was coming into vogue, and some of these three point boats were exceptionally fast. The design featured a single hull with "sponsons" on the side. When planing the boat rested on one point at the stem and one point at the rear of each sponson, hence the designation "three point." The design gave the boats greater stability and allowed air to enter under the hull and help lift the hull off the water. The design is commonplace now, but there were few three point outboard hydroplanes around at that time.

A friend of the family, who lived in a summer cottage in the islands, had been experimenting with sea fleas several years before, perhaps before World War II. I knew that he had stored a sea flea hull under the front porch of his cottage. He was kind enough to give the hull to me. I installed it in the boat-house on our property and began to redesign it into a three point hull.

The original hull was primitive. It had perpendicular sides and only one step. However, it was sound. I built sponsons and installed a steering mechanism that included an automobile steering wheel. When planing the bottom with 1/4" mahogany plywood I was careful to make sure that all of the screw head slots pointed in the same direction along the fore and aft axis of the boat. I put many coats of varnish on the bottom and polished the final coat until it shone. I painted the hull red.

When we put the 8hp Johnson on the boat it was not far from sinking. However, I was amazed and gratified by my first ride. The quickness with which the hull rose out of the water and then accelerated until it was zipping over the surface of the water thrilled me.

As soon as I realized that the motor was powerful enough to plane the hull and the three point design worked well, I made some modifications to the motor and the hull. I broke down the motor, cleaned all of the parts, installed new rings, removed the muffler, and sharpened and polished the two propeller blades. Also, I doubled the amount of oil in the gasoline. These changes substantially improved the power and efficiency of the

Sea Flea

By Bradford Lyttle



The Sea Flea with the 8hp Johnson.

motor and made it run with a deafening roar. I added water deflection plates to the top of the hull at the stem since water tended to shoot off the vertical sides and strike the motor during turns.

This sea flea then was quite impressive. I estimated that it was capable of more than 40mph, a high speed for the time. At first I could not understand how an 8hp motor could drive the boat so fast. Finally I realized that the motor actually had a piston displacement about the same as the 22hp opposed Johnsons that were widely used for racing at that time. The 8hp Johnson was designed to run at a much slower speed than the racing motors, hence its lower horsepower rating. This design characteristic appeared in the propeller as well, that had a rather large pitch, about 10" as I recall. When the 8hp motor ran at about twice its normal speed it developed much more than its rated horsepower and its propeller was capable of translating these greater revolutions into a high boat speed.

For several summers my brother and I enjoyed driving this sea flea around the river. It was particularly exhilarating to jump the wakes of the large tourist boats that passed nearby. Once, after jumping a wake, I was thrown out of the sea flea. Fortunately water sprayed on the motor, stopping it, and I was able to swim back to the boat and restart the motor. In addition to not having an automatic cutoff device on the motor, I believe that I was not wearing a life preserver. Folly in both respects.

Toward the end of the summer of 1947, Gananoque organized a powerboat regatta at its Canoe Club waterfront. Outboard hydroplane races were included. A citizen of Gananoque was an outboard racer and he had interested me in entering the regatta. He himself had a stock sea flea with a 22hp Johnson. I entered, not expecting to do well.

I entered the unlimited class race. Just before the race a number of us were testing our boats in front of the Canoe Club. I was idling into the dock when one of the largest and fastest boats ran into me. He struck my boat on the side, throwing me into the water and breaking one of the spray deflection plates and a small part of the stem. People quickly came to my aid and I was able to repair the boat. The accident stimulated the interest and sympathy of many of the spectators toward me and my boat. They seemed impressed that I was willing to persevere in entering the race after suffering such an accident.

As I recall there were about six boats in the unlimited class race. The largest and fastest was the boat that had struck me. The native of Gananoque was entered with his boat.

Because of my inexperience I made no attempt to hit the starting line when the gun went off and was content to start behind all of the others.

The race involved four laps around an oval course. At the end of one of the earliest laps I realized that my boat was about the third fastest in the field. I was not as fast at the large hydroplane, but I was almost as fast as the entry from Gananoque. After failing to pass the Gan boat on a straightaway, I succeeded in passing her on a second. It wasn't that I was a better driver, my boat was just faster.

Before I passed the Gan boat, while just behind her, her driver suddenly gestured to me, pointing to the large hydroplane that was far in front. The hydroplane had passed inside of one of the course markers. This meant that it was disqualified from the race. It also meant that once I had passed the Gan boat I would be first. This was the situation when I crossed the finish line. I recall also that my motor stopped about 100' beyond the finish line. To increase the efficiency of the motor I had been leaning the fuel mixture with the needle valve and had leaned it too much.

Technically I had won the race. However, the driver from Gan, who I believe had been prepared to protest the outcome of the race as long as he came in second, discouraged me from filing a protest after I had beaten him. Being rather young and shy I did not file a protest and was given the trophy for second place. Many of the spectators complimented me on the race and were impressed with my boat.

A few weeks later my brother and I and several friends drove to Picton, Ontario, to watch the 135 and 225 class inboard hydroplane races being held on Picton Sound. These classes were based on rebuilt Ford V8 135 and 225 cubic inch displacement automobile engines and involved three point hulls. Many of the fastest boats in these classes in the world were there. One of the most colorful drivers was a 70-year-old man named "Pops Cooper." He had a souped up 135 hydroplane that easily won its class. He then entered his boat in the 225 class races.

I believe it was during the first race that Pops Cooper roared by just in front of where I stood watching in almost a dead heat for first with a 225 class boat. They rounded the turn to my right and entered the straightaway on the far side of the course. There was considerable wind, the water was choppy, and the boats were bouncing. Suddenly, as Cooper was drawing into the lead, his boat shot straight up into the air about 15', turned over backward, and landed upside down with a great splash. Rescue boats immediately went to the scene of the crash. Nothing could be done to save Mr. Cooper. He had been killed instantly. I have always remembered the incident and believed that such a gallant sportsman would have wanted to die in no other way. Mr. Cooper was the first person I had ever seen die.

Witnessing Mr. Cooper's death, and recalling my own accident in my first race, made me realize that hydroplane racing was a dangerous sport, even at the level at which I had participated. I asked myself if I really wanted to continue risking my life that way, and decided no. While I drove my sea flea around the river for a few more summers, I never again entered a race.

The summer before last my wife Pat and I went to the *Wooden Boat Show* in Rockland, Maine. The show was a real delight and had attracted some very interesting and curious builders and live exhibits alongside the usual wooden boat fair kiosks and workshops.

One of the more interesting boats to catch my eye, an eye now firmly fixed on the practical and handy for marine poking around and gunkholing, was an odd, squat, little double ended thing sitting on a stand in front of builder/designer Peter Hunt's marquee, to which he had given the design name "Li'l Dubber." As I walked around this "kayak," as Peter called it (although it was really a double paddle canoe to my eye), its almost triangular body plan and sweeping chine settling broadly and ponderously into the waterline gave it the appearance of a bathtub that had been reworked into a toy boat. When Pat caught up with me, her off the cuff opinion was that it was an ugly duckling best left to its own destiny.

I liked it. It had a certain indescribable "being there" character, a sort of gently assertive boldness of disposition in bulk. It had a sense of stability produced by the settling bathtub look, and finally, it had what is for me the utterly irresistible charm of reverse curve to its ends. I had a chat with Peter, who offered the display model for a paddle around the inner harbor, but I had to decline as I was babysitting my elder brother who was not far off staring maniacally at a giant fried seafood platter he had just purchased and I was concerned he might choke to death in the passion of consuming it.

But I did see the Dubber shortly afterwards poking around the boats and docks as other interested people took it out for trial runs. It looked like a stable boat and appeared to be very maneuverable with the designed rudder. My brother having passed the crisis stage of downing the seafood platter, I returned to Peter's place and bought the plans/building manual for the Dubber for \$15. I figured I could knock the Dubber off during the winter as I was waiting for a more suitable place to build my already lofted and templated current project, a 14' Chamberlain rowing sailing beach skiff (as drawn by John Gardner).

The plans called for an epoxy saturated, 'glassed' boat. My first and last epoxy project, a kayak I began a couple of years ago and which I eventually had to pass on two-thirds finished to fellow SWBANS member Ken Lamb, had produced so many rashes and welts, even with gloves and mask, that I had resigned myself to never touching the unpleasant two-part stuff again. But the Dubber seemed a quick, attractive little project, and I ruminated that perhaps I could get in and out of the project faster than my allergic mechanisms inside could register anything happening. I was also determined to build it cheaply using subflooring plywood (meranti) instead of using the 5 ply mahogany that went into the previous, unfinished kayak, since the designer specified it and cheap lauan interior door plywood was apparently no longer available.

The first thing I found out as I scarfed, then drew, faired, and cut out the Dubber's bottom piece was that meranti is a ghastly wood to use for building. It has sharp splinters that raise themselves in scalpel-like flakes anywhere along an open edge. Pretaping cut-

Wee Tub

Reprinted from *The Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia Newsletter*

By Anthony O'Malley



ting lines helps, but even the tape, if it has a good adhesive, will lift flakes from a cut edge. Working this plywood up into a boat is akin to knitting with razor wire. Meranti also has prickly areas over its surface that grab at cloth or any other material drawn over it to wipe sanding dust from the work area. Compared to the mahogany it was cheap (one quarter the price), but the mahogany was almost a solid wood compared to the meranti. Since even the larger version of the Dubber I had chosen to build uses only three sheets of plywood, were I to do it over again I would probably use the mahogany.

The bottom piece is cut out and then the two ends are drawn together, under considerable pressure, carefully and slowly to make up the reverse stem and stern (this piece is the white bottom in the photos). This was an exciting moment since the tension is considerable and nerves tingle as the expectant loud report of the bottom bursting into two pieces hovers about the process. However, easy does it and the stem and stern seams came together smoothly and were wired sequentially in place.

The side pieces were cut out and wired to the bottom, then the two plywood frames were got out of leftover plywood and mounted in place. All joints then received a fillet of thickened epoxy. The wires were removed, the hull sanded, the wire holes filled (optional), the cloth stretched over the bottom, and three coats of epoxy applied to the bottom. Making the cloth round the sharp corners of the chine, stem and stern was tiresome and required considerable cleanup later, although a person more experienced in this boatbuilding medium would have had less of

a problem with this part, which required some imaginative darning.

The bottom, sides, and all edges were sanded, faired and rounded, and then the whole boat inboard and out was given two coats of epoxy. The rudder blade was got out of 1/8" aluminum, the rudder head out of some 1/2" plywood lying around, the coaming pieces from a no longer used 14' lofting batten, the rudder pedals from leftover meranti plywood, and the fore and aft deck/side braces from a support that used to hold up a bookshelf in my study (I couldn't resist, it was just the right size and grain pattern).

The coaming needed steaming, it's quite the bend, and not having a steam box I wrapped the 8' lengths of 7/16" x 1/4" pieces in some wads of leftover gauze cloth and then poured boiling water over the gauze. The cloth held the heat in and after 10 minutes the coaming bent willingly into place.

I finished by varnishing the sides, painting the bottom, the inboard surfaces, and the rudder head white. I painted the frames, seat back, rudder pedals, and the double paddle I had made a sort of tile red that had resulted from throwing together the different remains of four or five paint jobs into an orphaned can of alkyd enamel of unknown hue or origin.

Late this last spring everything was rigged up and ready. I launched the *Wee Tub* (as she was christened, affectionately by me, more ironically by Pat) and took her for a paddle. This was a revelation. The *Wee Tub* is very stable, paddles like the dickens, but best of all acts as a solid platform for my dreamy Nonpareil Advanced Position (NAP) paddling for slovenly gunkholing, for generally poking about, the rudder helps her turn on a dime and, in short, has proved to be a delightful little marine vehicle for the pointlessly minded shoreside or wharfside vagrant.

The only changes I will make to this otherwise fine design are the seat back support should be fixed in place for a particular paddler rather than being a simple board and piece of rope support affair, and the rudder blade kickup line cleat will be moved from the side deck, where it pulls the rudder to the cleat side of the boat when hauled in, to a jamb cleat at the top of the rudder head.

Pat asked for a trial paddle in the *Wee Tub*, just to say she did. Off she went paddling about, coming back after an unexpectedly long time away around the bend in the lake, beaming and looking for all as though she had been using the *Wee Tub* for years, and asking when orders were being taken for "her" Dubber this coming winter. So it's another \$15 off to Peter Hunt and another wintertime encounter with more of the nasty goo that makes so many fun boats. The total cost of the *Wee Tub*, including manual from Peter, was \$210.

Plans from Peter Hunt at Little Dubber Kayaks, The Shed for Sail Studio, P.O. Box 135, Norton, MA, 02766, or at <http://www.kayakdesigns.com/>.

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Before you start reading this thing, I have to tell you that I fell asleep while I was writing it so it must not be the most entertaining sort of literature. I would pad it out with a few political statements but I am suffering from political ennui here lately. If I were you, I would flip through the magazine and see if Reinhard Zollitsch is out there somewhere on another of his solo trips.

Back in the old days of internal combustion in small boats, the engines were all raw water cooled. That means that the cylinder block and the cylinder head were cooled by sea water (or lake or river water if you were lucky). The simplest of that system just had an open top cast iron pot made onto the whole cylinder of the engine, and the operator dipped overside with the bucket and poured some new water in there when the old boiled out. The engine was actually cooled by evaporation which is real effective according to the laws of physics.

The other option was that seawater was pumped into water passages cast around the cylinders and head and then overside out the exhaust pipe. The weak links in that were the pump and the operator. Those old-time engines were made of such thick and durable stuff (cast iron pistons!) that it didn't hurt them all that much to run dry and seize, and lots of operators let the stopping of the engine signal them that it was time to do something to the pump. If you run a modern engine with lots of aluminum parts hot enough to seize, it will never be right again.

When I was a boy, we had an old Model H John Deere tractor that we had let freeze and burst and the jacket of the old horizontal cylinders wouldn't hold water anymore. We only used the old tractor to pull a middle buster to lay by rows of Irish potatoes, so we poured in the water and it poured right out again and we ran the old thing until it seized and then took a little break until it cooled enough to crank again and plowed another row or two. We did that for years.

Finally a brilliant genius amongst us wrapped the cylinders with an inner tube and wired it on there sort of like a hose clamp and the old H would cover up three more rows before it ran dry and seized. We did most of the work on the place with a 9N Ford, and later a Jubilee, but they wouldn't pull a middle buster like the old Model H. They were cute, though, and drove about like a little car.

How in hell did I get sidetracked like that? Anyway, the thing that killed those old raw water cooled marine engines was rust. The good ones had such thick cast iron in them that it took a long time to rust all the way through and let the water get in with the oil and the oil get in with the water and the compression get out into the air, but often the water passages would get stopped up with rust and cut off the flow.

Usually the first thing to stop up was the exhaust manifold where the water got to last. You would think that since oxygen is driven out of water by heat, the cooling water would be so anaerobic when it finally got all the way to the manifold that there wouldn't be any oxygen left to rust anything. I lay awake many a night wondering why the manifold rusted up so bad until I finally figured it out.

What I think happens is that the whole engine gets hot when it is running and when it is shut down, it contracts. The pump keeps the water from running out the bottom, so

Raw Water

By Robb White

when the water in the engine shrinks down as it cools, it has to back up and either air or new oxygenated water is drawn into the water passages of the manifold. Anyway, the prudent mariner of yore kept an eye on his exhaust water and if it decreased significantly, even when the pump was working right, he took the manifold off and chipped the rust out.

On a right made engine, the manifold was held onto studs by brass nuts so they would come loose easy, then the only problem with the job was rust on the sealing surfaces of the engine and manifold and the gasket. Usually you could draw file the iron surfaces right there in the boat and sometimes get away with reusing the old asbestos gasket. Manifold (and I include the exhaust elbow in that term) and pump maintenance was a regular thing with people who used those old engines a lot and they would run a long, long time if that was done right.

One rule that was often overlooked with folks who did not use the engine all that much was the "never shut down a raw water cooled engine when it is cool" rule. The cool water in the engine will have a lot of oxygen in it and that'll make it rust up. When I first started working on sailboat engines for a little spare change, I found that the little Atomic Four (which is nothing in the world but a Farmall Cub tractor engine...little flathead mess which can't stand hardly any rust at all) would rust out so quick that it didn't make any sense unless you thought hard about it.

What was happening was that folks were just running the engine a little while to get out of the slip and back in, and the little thing never even got warmed up enough to drive the oxygen out of the cooling water and all those convolutions of intricate water passages in there amongst those four tiny cylinders were getting stopped up with rust.

An old Graymarine was a much better engine (y'all really want to know all this obsolete crap?) if for no other reason than it had enough room in the water holes for a little rust. If I had to use an Atomic Four just to get into the slip, when I got home I would tie her down and let her rip a little while I was unloading the junk to the car. Ain't no chance that all that power would pull up too many pilings or break too many dock lines, but the engine might heat up enough to do a little good. It might even burn some of the carbon off the valves and make it start better. Not much chance that you would wear it out. You know a little engine just like an Atomic Four will pull a Hobart welder (or a Farmall Cub) for 40 years. Not running an engine is much worse on it than running it all the time.

So I have been working on this old Easthope Longstroke engine. It ain't in very bad shape. The water passages in the cylinders aren't hardly rusty at all and the head has big old water passages that were easy to scale out mechanically with little cold chisels and homemade crooks and reamers, but the peculiar exhaust intake manifold was another story. Easthope made much of that innovation in their literature a long time ago,

saying that it increased the efficiency of the engine.

The way it is made is the intake part of the manifold is completely surrounded by exhaust gasses, so I guess the incoming mixture is heated sort of like how the iron nozzle of an old fashioned blow torch heats the gasoline to make that amazingly hot combustion that is so superior to the burning of liquid gasoline. The manifold is a complicated little casting and has small (for Easthope) water passages and they were packed so solid with very hard rust that the casting had swelled up and cracked all over. I was going to throw it away and set to for about four or five days to braze up a new one out of bronze (which I could have easily done...in four or five days), but I was intrigued by the notion that I could clean out the passages one way or the other and braze up the cracks and use the original manifold. Of course, I would probably have three or four days in that job, too.

It was a conundrum. I had already drilled as much rust as I could get out with a masonry bit in a hammer drill (it was just as hard as poured concrete) and was still puzzling over it and peering down in the manifold with a flashlight at all the rust packed in all those inaccessible places when my son came in for work. "Why don't you electrolyze it out?" he suggested.

"Dang," I thought to myself, "I ought to have thought of that." I already knew that a battery charger would clean rust off cast iron because one time I built an inside ballasted sailboat and used old iron window weights for the ballast. I didn't want them to rust up my bilge water too bad and they had been lying around in a big extremely rusty pile at a scrap yard for decades, so I set up a rig in an old cut off steel hot water tank so that the window weights hung by wire hooks in a solution of lye and water. The hooks rode on steel rebar which rested across the top of the tank. I insulated the bars with garden hose and hooked up a big battery charger so that the tank became the anode (positive) and the window weights became the cathode.

The battery charger was one of those old filling station style that will put out about like an electric welder and, boy, it boiled that lye like all get out...cleaned those window weights up right down to the grey iron (actually black in this case) in a hurry, too.

The only trouble with the rig was that there were so many of them that by the time I got through the anode had sacrificed itself to the point that it was leaking so bad I had to put it into a plastic garbage can to keep it working, and then it collapsed in there and let the cathode come in contact with the anode and the short circuit burnt up a good bit of wiring in the battery charger and I had to fix that.

Anyway, I should have remembered that method because it sure worked on the old manifold. I used a smaller battery charger and a junk stove lid for the anode inside a plastic bucket and the activity wasn't quite so spectacular, but the rust is gone from the manifold and so is the paint. It is a good thing I did that because there were a bunch of more cracks under the paint that I would have missed in my brazing operation, but I'll get that jigsaw puzzle put back together now (I hope).

Oh yeah, the saga of the window weights went through several other stages. I dipped

them in red lead paint and let them dry real well and they stayed clean in the bottom of the old open boat for many years. Finally the old boat wound up in the hands of someone who didn't have any use for it and it rained full of water and sank in the 90' hole at Nutall Rise in the Aucilla River. It is still down there and probably still in good shape. I wonder what the archaeologists of the future will think when they come upon that artifact. The world will have progressed into such high tech by then that the notion of an open sailboat will be so alien to their culture that they won't know what it is...let alone all those window weights.

So now I have all the water passages cleaned out in the old engine. Does that mean that I am going to slap it back together and fill it up with salt water. Hell, no. I don't like raw water cooling even if the engine is made for the duty. I know I made my feelings known about heat exchangers, too. I believe raw water cooling is better than the double jeopardy of a salt water cooled heat exchanger. Heat exchangers are a stop gap invention so that modified automobile engines with all those dissimilar metals could be put into a boat by anybody. I'll keel cool the old Easthope and let antifreeze circulate in those ancient waterways.

I can't slap it back together anyway because I don't have a darn head gasket. I used to make them all the time out of asbestos. You used to be able to buy it in big sheets about 1/8" thick, but not anymore. I know asbestos did a world of damage to a lot of people but I don't believe head gaskets are all that dangerous. Of course, I wouldn't know unless I read about ten pounds of government documents. Anyway, now the substitute is some weak ceramic powder held together by something like fiberglass. It is so flimsy that they press a finely perforated steel plate onto one side to help it hold up against the compression of the engine. It is extremely hard to cut without tearing up the fiber/ceramic part. I'll figure it out. Might have to mill it out on my milling machine and just sacrifice a three dollar Chinese end mill.

Electrolytic Cleaning of Iron: It is sort of like voodoo. In theory, it is like electroplating but nothing actually gets plated onto anything. I guess it is because the sacrificial anode is the same metal as the thing you are trying to clean and the metal ions that are released oxidize before they can plate onto the cathode. Never use any metal that makes a poisonous salt when it is broken down (like stainless steel, copper, or galvanized iron) because the solution will wind up poisonous and you'll have a disposal problem unless you are irresponsible, and then when you pour it out on the ground you will have committed a sin and St. Peter will chalk up another mark alongside your name on the heavenly spreadsheet.

An iron anode just makes a solution of iron oxide which isn't half bad and might actually do some good in the garden if what you are trying to grow needs a little basic soil and a little trace of iron. The bubbles that boil to the surface with all that rust are hydrogen and oxygen, the products of the electrolysis of water, and you know they want to get back together in an explosion so it is best to keep a little breeze over the operation so when you strike a little spark fiddling with the battery charger clips.

There is a funny thing about how it works. The rust is almost instantly cleaned from the part of the cathode that is closest to the anode, but down in the interstices it is much slower. It is almost as if the action works like light and can't shine around corners. Only one side of this manifold was open and that's the side I kept toward the anode. The other side...in the "shade"...was almost as slow to clean as the water passages way down inside the thing. It doesn't make good sense to me. I mean, if you were to stick a household wire into a swimming pool and get out on the fiberglass diving board and clench the other wire in your teeth, it wouldn't matter what was between you and the other wire when you dipped your toe in the water, you are still going to do the bellyflop.

And it ain't just the AC factor, either. Back a long time ago, the factories and machine shops around here (Yes, Virginia) used 440 volts DC and the old timers said that DC would bite you just as hard as AC. It really is a conundrum. Maybe the rust is bombarded by iron ions and if they have to travel any distance or go around any corners, they oxidize before they can do a complete job of bombardment. I don't know, y'all, but I bet, if some of the readers of this magazine have managed to get this far they'll be able to explain it...somebody like, say, Dave Carnell.

Oh yeah, don't tell me electrons actually flow from negative to positive. I already knew that and it might have been me that told you. Of course, I have never seen an electron in person so I'm just repeating a theory I read in a book with thousands of pages. I know one fact, though. If you hook the rig up backwards you'll turn your precious cylinder head into junk in a hurry. No matter which way the electrons move, the right way is black to "precious" and red to "sacrificial."

A few other handy tips about raw water cooling (real quick...I'm feeling sleepy again):

1. If you have to take a raw water cooled engine out of a boat, leave it absolutely full of hot salty water. If you drain it it'll rust much worse. If it has to stay out for a long time, rinse the passages out and fill the engine with hot antifreeze solution. Any iron that was ever in contact with salt water is predisposed to rust even if it has been rinsed. The objective is to exclude oxygen.

2. A zinc anode in a water cooled engine makes a world of difference. If the manufacturer didn't provide a way to do that, you might be able retrofit an anode in the line somewhere. You have to connect it electrically to the engine block some way, and you need to think about any particles of zinc that might come off as the anode sacrifices itself. You don't want any of that to stop up the water passages or get in the pump. The manifold is an ideal place for it if there is room. A lot of marine engines have a zinc thermostat housing...keep your eye on it.

Another cute trick is to spray that zinc paint (called "cold galvanizing") in there. If you spray that up inside the hollow of an outboard shank and paint the downshaft and all, it'll do a lot of good.

3. Back in the '50s and '60s Thetford Chemical Company made this cooling water treatment system that I believe actually worked. It was a container full of clear crystals in the intake line to the engine. I have never been able to find out what those crystals were but they lasted for years, and I have never noticed much rust in an engine that had that setup. Of course the presence of such an after market rig on an engine might indicate that the owner of the engine knew some raw water cooling lore.

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Robb White's articles about repairing old outboards prompts me to describe the experiences that I had several years ago resurrecting two old Sears motors. One was a "Ted Williams" 7.5hp, a compact, two-cylinder, alternate firing machine that seems to have resembled the 9.5 OMC that Robb has written about in that much of the motor was hung behind the transom of the boat to decrease the motor's height, and hence its tendency to foul fishing lines. Probably the 7.5 was first sold about 1966. It had a reverse mechanism, an automatic bailing pump with an intake pad that could be set in the bottom of the boat, and a "weedless" propeller. I inherited the motor from my brother after someone had forgotten to grease its gearbox and all commercial mechanics had given it up as irreparable.

In taking apart the gearbox I found that the forward and reverse gears had lost their teeth, either through abrasion or melting, and that the fore and aft main propeller shaft bearings were worn oval. Also, the lower roller bearings of the driveshaft had burned out and the driveshaft itself had become heavily pitted. I could see why the motor had been abandoned.

I got in touch with Sears and was surprised and pleased to find that they still had replacements for all of the damaged parts except the driveshaft. I ordered the parts. In examining the shaft, I noticed that it was symmetrical with the exception of a small hole for accommodating a pin that drove a cooling pump impeller that was drilled through it about one quarter of the way from its lower end. By turning the shaft end for end and drilling a hole in what then had become the lower end, I was able to take the pitted part out of play and have an undamaged section for insertion through the new roller bearing. All of the rest of the parts, including new piston rings, went in as they should. In order to simplify the gearbox and thus relieve the old motor from some strain, I deactivated the reverse mechanism. My main interest in small outboards has always been that they operate well in forward mode. Reverse has always seemed a potential source of mechanical problems.

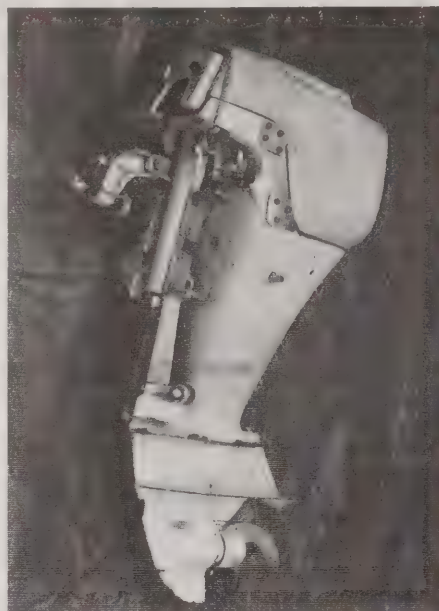
Because an ear had broken off the part of the gearbox housing closest to the propeller, I made a steel piece that could clamp the damaged part to the main part of the housing by means of a bolt.

In all but one respect I was impressed by the design of the motor. It seemed thoughtfully engineered, being compact for its power. The one exception was its carburetor, that was unlike any carburetor I had ever found on an outboard. Most of the carburetor was behind the streamlined aluminum motor housing. To take the carburetor out and clean it, it was first necessary to remove the motor's entire power head. This obviously was a major problem, for nearly every season I made the mistake of not running the carburetor dry before storing the motor, and the next spring there was no way to make the motor run again without taking the carburetor off and cleaning it.

I solved the carburetor problem by cutting away the section of the housing that kept the carburetor from being removed. I marked the cut lines in pencil, drilled a series of adjacent holes along the line, and connected the holes until the piece fell free. To replace the piece, I screwed several 1/8" thick dur-

Resurrecting Two Old Sears Outboards

By Bray Lyttle



aluminum tabs to it that enabled it to be secured back in place with more machine screws. This worked fine and did not seem to significantly weaken the housing. Once this alteration had been made it was easy to remove and clean the carburetor.

This repaired engine I used for about seven seasons. As far as I could see it ran as well forward as it did when new, easily planing a 12' power skiff. Its operation at low speed was exceptional, quiet, and steady. So that I could obtain the proper trim for the skiff, I made a steel handle extension that enabled me to steer and control the speed of the motor from the center of the skiff.

I'm not using the motor now because its carburetor again needs cleaning and a smaller, simpler motor will suffice. As far as I can see, if thoughtfully maintained, the 7.5 would operate indefinitely.



The other Sears motor that I worked on was a 3.5hp motor sold around 1968. This was about the simplest outboard imaginable, which was its main virtue. Almost nothing could go wrong with it that could not be quickly fixed. The motor consisted of a one-cylinder, two-cycle, air-cooled engine atop a shaft that was equipped with a propeller. The engine was the kind used in lawn mowers and probably was made by Tecumseh. While the cylinder was air cooled, the exhaust manifold was cooled by water that was pumped into the top of the driveshaft housing and then sprayed into the housing. I had to considerably rebuild the motor because it had been entirely submerged when mounted on a sailboat that capsized and had not been dried out quickly enough. Rust had ruined the upper crankshaft roller bearing and the bearing's crankshaft journal.

The main problem was the damaged crankshaft. I found a machine shop in Chicago whose specialty was rebuilding the crankshafts of diesel engines used in trucks. They were considerably amused by the challenge of building up and then resurfacing the crankshaft journal of a motor as small as mine, but did an excellent job at a very low price. I obtained a new roller bearing for the shaft from a bearing supply firm.

The motor went together well but did not run properly. It overheated. However, the motor was so simple and tough that it would run even when overheated and even when the four bolts that connected the powerhead to the driveshaft housing became so loose that the powerhead rattled about. After disassembling the housing, I discovered that the rubber cooling pump impeller had worn out, possibly because I had once run the motor dry to test it (this was a temptation with an air-cooled motor). It was not obvious that the motor had to be run with its propeller housing submerged in order to prevent damage to the pump impeller.

Again I was able to obtain a new impeller and several gaskets and seals to replace the ones that had been cooked when the motor overheated.

The repaired motor did not run quite as well as it had when new, but it was powerful enough to barely plane a 10' power skiff. This surprised me because I did not see how any one-cylinder 3.5hp motor could plane any boat. In studying the motor more, I realized that its one cylinder had a large piston displacement and that its propeller had considerable pitch. It was just a matter of getting the motor to run fast enough and the boat would plane. I'm still using the 3.5. It is somewhat noisier than modern outboards of equivalent power.

In the year 2000, when I did this work, parts for many brands of old outboards could be obtained from Certified Parts Corp., P.O. Box 8468, Janesville, WI 53545, (608) 752-9441.

Robb White Comments

Wow. Brad Lyttle's outboard motor repairing was sort of humbling for me, I thought I was the only one who would put \$2000 worth of work into a \$50 object, and he doesn't like the reverse feature of a boat motor either. I guess I'll just have to make room in my exalted position for some company.

That Ted Williams 7.5hp engine was (I believe) the last gasp of Scott Atwater (after

they became Scott McCollough). They were pretty popular with fishermen around here because they hung down behind the transom like the OMC 9.5 and didn't cost nearly as much and you could get them on the Sears easy payment plan. Things like the carburetor that couldn't be removed to clean the jet without taking the whole power head off the engine were what did Scott in. They did a lot of that kind of "engineering."

The air-cooled engine Mr. Lyttle so heroically maintained in running condition was called an Eska in non-Sears circles and was the cheapest American made engine ever.

Briggs and Stratton is building a four-cycle engine sort of like that now. The Eska was two-stroke and had what looked like a Clinton engine on it. The cheapest outboard made now is a "Cruise and Carry" which is, I believe, built by Tanaka (the weedeater people). Sears sold that as a "Gamefisher" for a while and might do it still. I ain't been to Sears since they quit sending me the catalog.

Despite Mr. Lyttle's fondness for it, I never got to be all that crazy about an air-cooled engine in a boat, either as an outboard or inboard. They are loud and blow hot air all the time. Son Sam and I are looking on the

internet (well, Sam is) for a small, water cooled engine to put into a little Atkin style tunnel boat about the size of a Grumman Sport boat that I am thinking about building as an experiment. The Rescue Minor runs so efficiently that I believe 4hp or so would be plenty. Sam found the perfect engine for it, too. It is a 50cc water cooled, four-stroke engine that only weighs 32 lbs. and that includes the transmission and kick starter! Guess who makes it? Piaggio (Vespa). Of course, it ain't got no reverse and is probably real expensive.

The Mighty Mite

By Bradford Lyttle

Several years ago I saw an ad in a boat magazine for a 2hp outboard made by Neptune named Mighty Mite.The motor was a discontinued model and a closeout. It cost about \$250 new. I ordered one.

The Mighty Mite was a peculiar motor. It was the lightest gasoline outboard I had ever seen, weighing about 22 lbs. Its power head seemed to be well made, its one-cylinder, two-cycle engine having a cast iron sleeve. However, its propeller seemed hardly designed with an eye to efficiency at all and its plastic shroud made important parts inaccessible.

I made several changes in the Mighty Mite that greatly improved its efficiency and ease of operation. One was to replace the two-bladed propeller with a more efficient three-bladed propeller, perhaps of Michigan brand. Fitting of the three-bladed propeller to the motor required making a $7/16 \times 1/2$ sleeve to fit the propeller to the shaft and turning down the propeller's hub somewhat with a lathe. This propeller caused the motor to run at a slower speed, but it was much more efficient than the propeller that came with the motor.

A second change was to deactivate the motor's clutch mechanism. The clutch was a simple dog that was either fully engaged or fully disengaged. It struck me that trying to engage the clutch while the motor was running at considerable speed might damage the clutch or other parts of the motor. I permanently engaged the clutch.

A third change was to remove the shroud and add an aluminum guard for the flywheel so that my fingers could not be caught in the flywheel.

Other changes were to add a bracket on the top of the motor to carry the small plastic gas tank and a carrying handle.

This motor has served me well for many years. It is just right for bringing a 14' sailboat into harbor from Lake Michigan and can be easily adjusted and serviced.

I noticed recently that a Mighty Mite, reportedly with good compression, was for sale on eBay for \$65.



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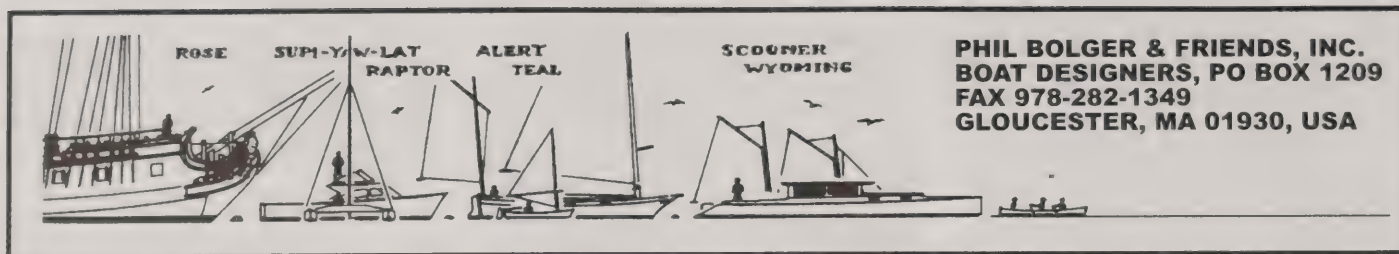
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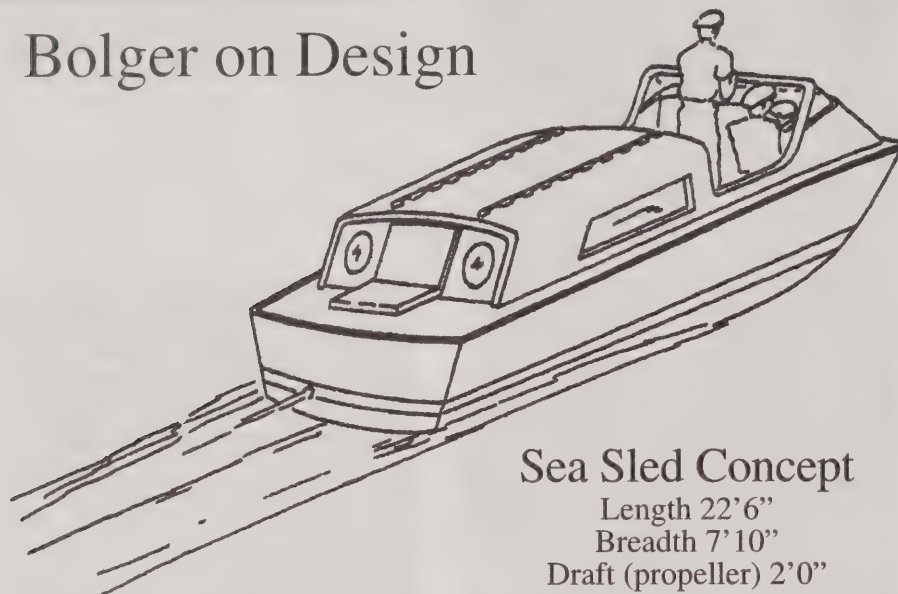


LOA 18' 0"
Beam - 5'6"
SA - 145sf
LWL - 16'
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Sea Sled Concept

Length 22'6"

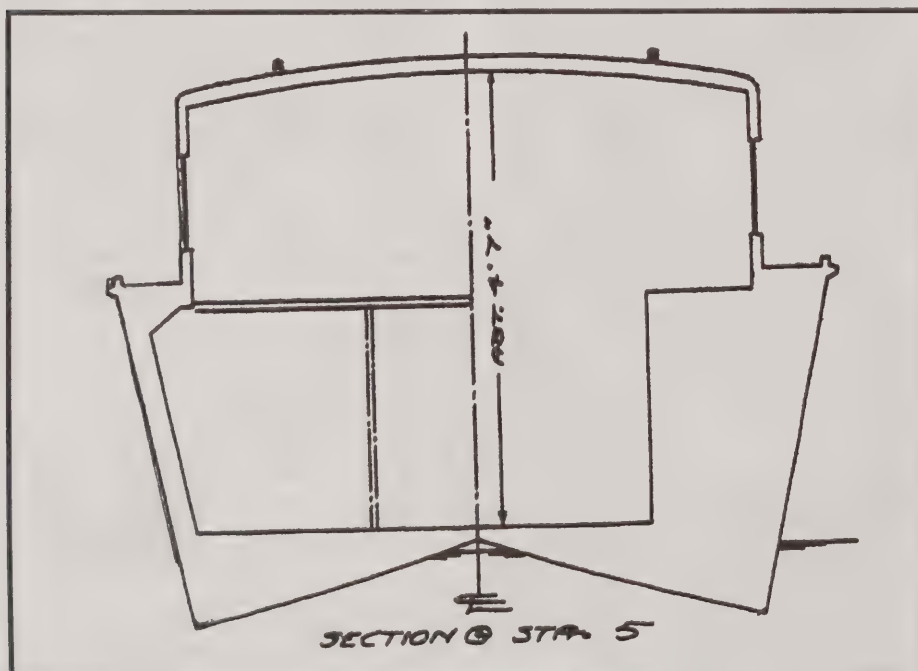
Breadth 7'10"

Draft (propeller) 2'0"

There's been some revival of interest in the inverted vee "Sea Sled" concept lately. It originated in 1911 when Nova Scotian Albert Hickman, who had been designing pointed bow, flat bottomed speedboats, put vertical metal plates under the forward chines of one of his boats to trap a cushion of air under the hull and supposedly reduce its resistance. The trapped air caused the propeller to race and lose thrust, leading to his invention of the surface propeller with half its swept disk clear of the water and the shaft emerging from the transom (the same principle as the prop riding

racing hydroplanes of 40-odd years later, which pushed smooth water boat speeds up toward 200 mph).

The next step was the Sea Sled with the inverted vee hull shape replacing the plates, which he spent the rest of his life promoting. The preliminary sketch here shows what they were like, except for the conventional propeller and rudder arrangement which I hoped would give better low speed maneuvering than the surface props of the Sea Sleds. Note the large clearance between the hull and the propeller to avoid the air ingestion problem.



This concept was made sometime in the 1950s and went no further, partly because even then I was not enthusiastic about it. The forward cockpit was intended to mitigate the problem of arranging accommodations around the intruding tunnel of the Sea Sled shape.

At the time, and later, I had direct experience with several Sea Sleds of Hickman design and others, and became convinced that there was no future in them. I used a couple of small ones, including some rough water experiences, and had a good chance to observe others. One was a 50-footer built for a U.S. Air Force competition for a "crash boat" (to rescue downed fliers). I had done some work under Douglas van Patten on another boat in the competition, had an acquaintance in the Hickman office, and was on familiar terms with the Sea Sled's professional trials skipper, so I took a close interest in the boat as she was built by Graves Yacht Yard in Marblehead.

In particular I watched her undergo a spectacular heavy weather trial in Salem Sound. There was a lot of wind from the east and a big and steep sea was running. She was run very fast, at least 30 knots, I'm sure, against this sea. She kept going, leaping between crests, and was completely enveloped in dense clouds of spray blasted straight ahead of her by the pressure of the trapped air under her. She was not stopped and her construction stood the stress. Eventually she returned, streaming water from end to end and up to the mastheads and maneuvered clumsily (like all surface propeller boats) into her berth with her two 1,500hp Packard V12 engines growling and barking ahead and astern. She had passed the test at a cost of a broken arm and several broken ribs among the bridge crew and observers aboard.

If there was a G meter on board I did not have access to it, but simply watching her action and its consequences, plus experiences with the smaller boats in smaller waves, convinced me that if the complex shape of the Sea Sled was any softer riding than a perfectly flat bottom, the difference was not significant. The shape has numerous disadvantages, starting with the intrusion into cabin or cargo space of the high keel line, as illustrated by my sketch here (note the keel emerging from the forward end of the cockpit and the mid-section showing the higher cabin sole). Others are relatively complex construction by one off methods, comparatively deep hull draft due to the displacement volume lost in the tunnel, slow turning due to the flat sides carried far forward and deep, and the tendency to blow spray straight ahead noted above, where it blows back over the length of the boat.

As the description above shows, Sea Sleds work. My point is that a straight garvey shape with a flat bottom curved up to the deck forward is simpler and roomier, faster with

any given power, shallower, and drier (or not as wet!) in rough water, handles better at low speed, and does not slam appreciably worse in rough water. Absent any comparative test of accelerations that I'm aware of, this last point is subjective, but the slamming of the Sea Sled is intolerable at any rate.

The original Boston Whaler prototype was a straight Sea Sled. Eric Tasker and I did exhaustive (and punishing!) rough water testing of it for Fisher Pierce, the result of which was that it was modified with the central vee filling in most of the tunnel under the hull. The remaining twin vestigial tunnels were so small that they can't have been much different in action from a flat bottom. They remained to salvage expensive production tooling, and I suppose to look less crude than the

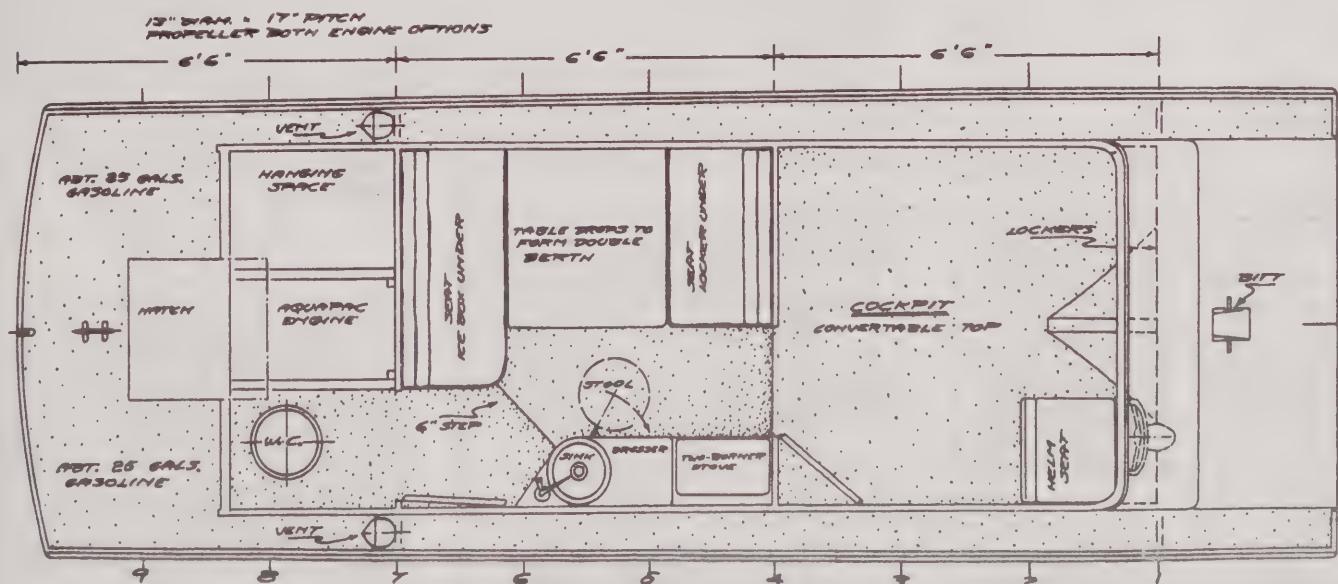
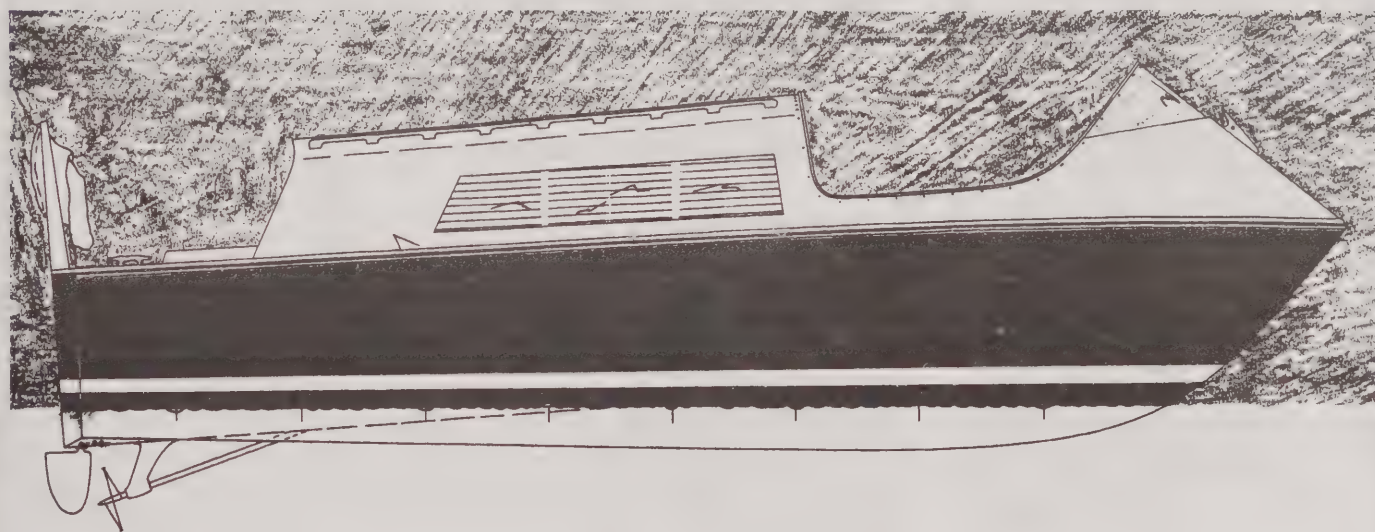
straightforward garvey, or Johnboat, shape that it had really become.

The garvey shape has the disadvantage that if the profile curve of the bottom is given a gentle sweep for least resistance at moderate speeds and least tendency to throw spray ahead, it lacks buoyancy under the bow and may get its deck in the water in a steep sea before it starts to lift. To improve this action I developed the box cutwater extending forward under the up curved flat bottom. If this cutwater is correctly shaped it works well. Most of the boats we've designed with it have pointed bows, but this is mostly cosmetic since most people dislike the looks of the square across garvey bow.

The action of the boats, at least the full planing types, is not much different from that

of the garvey shapes which would have more deck space and would perhaps be a little drier in some sea conditions. The cutwater, extended aft as a box keel, channels air clear of the propeller. Later we gave some deadrise on each side of the flat bottom of the box keel, carried up into the overhang of the garvey bottom. This had little or no effect on the head sea action, but it eliminated the skidding and tripping tendency of high speed flat bottoms. With pointed or square across upper bows, these last types seem close to a rigor.

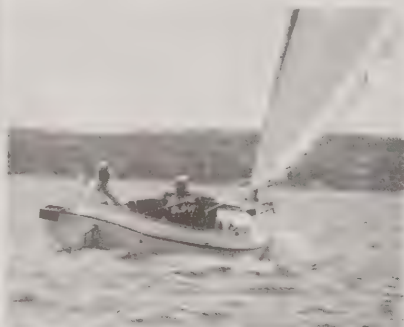
They still slam in a head sea of the wrong length, but having seen, for instance, a lethal 11 gravities recorded in a extreme deep vee, I do not think that this can be eliminated in a practical boat operating at high speed along a gas to liquid interface.



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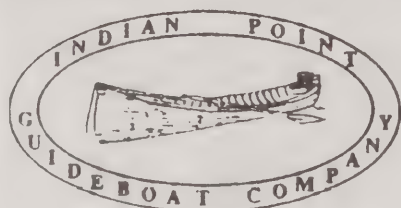
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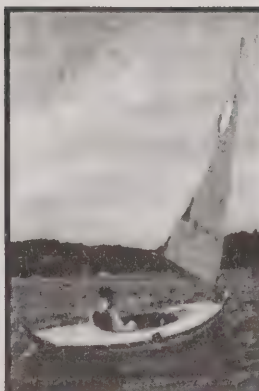


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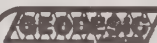
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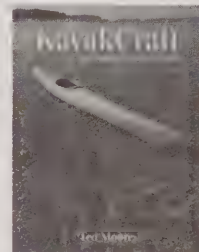
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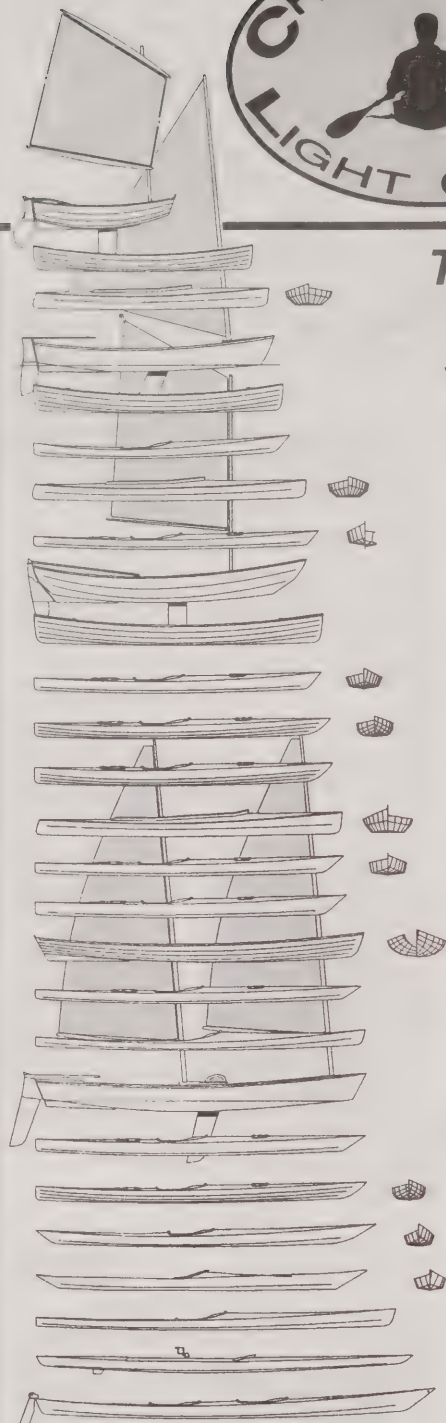
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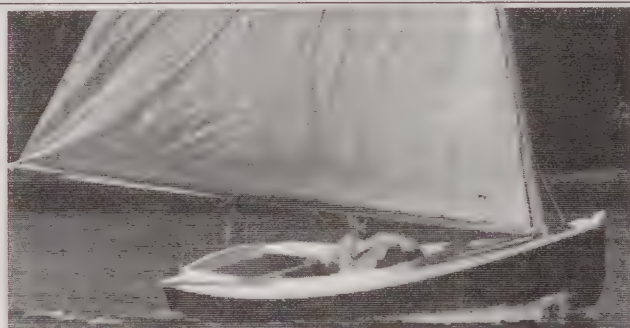
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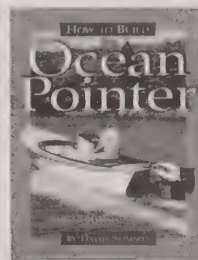
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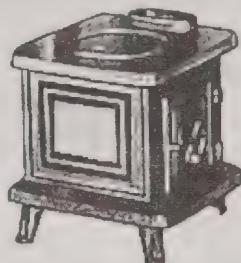
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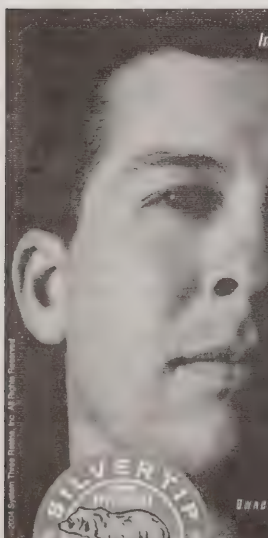
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15' Sweet Pea, Phil Bolger designed surf dory w/ 7-1/2' Shaw & Tenney oars, slip keel, rudder & mast but no sail. Featured in *Boats with an Open Mind*. Delivery can be arranged in the Delaware valley. \$600. JACK MIZRAHI, West Chester, PA, (610) 793-0114 aft 7pm, <jmizrahi@girardcollege.com> (2)

21' Bolger Dovekie, '79 Hull #12. Dodger w/vinyl window, cockpit cover, soft hatch covers, cockpit seats, bow cb, 2 tanbark sails, compass, oars, Danforth anchor w/chain and nylon rode, & port quarter motor mount. Original Edey & Duff lowboy trlr w/new (never wet) axle, springs, hubs, bearings, & grease fittings, 2 spare wheels, & light bar. Clear Florida title. '94 4hp Yamaha long shaft 2 stroke in exc cond. \$3,150. PAUL LEFEBVRE, Gainesville, FL, (352) 376 4977, <lefebvre@bellsouth.net> (2)

11'6" Cartopper Sailboat, Phil Bolger designed, incl hefty galv trlr & other extras. High level of finish. Exc boat. \$1,195. ROB MAJEWSKI, Lewes DE, (302) 644 4612, <Robert.Majewski@comcast.net> (2)

16' Classic Runabout Hull, cedar on oak, mahogany foredeck, teak benches. Vy gd cond. \$200. JURGENS, Hamilton, MA, (978) 468-1721. (2)



'74 Hunter 25 Pop Top, 25' sloop w/fg hull, 8' beam, 4' draft, v berth w/head, sink, & alcohol stovetop, 5 berths total. Incl 100% jib, 130% genoa, 2 mainsails (1 brand new), bunk cushions, new running lights, masthead light, lines, hull paint, battery, cabin carpeting. '01 Johnson 81hp ob, less than 50 hrs. Surveyed 4/20/01. Grt 1st boat, nds a little TLC. Currently dry docked in Warwick, RI. \$5,500/obo. LANCE & AMY HARRY, Warwick, RI, (401) 475 3629, act soon, this deal won't last!! (2)

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Bolger Cartopper, ltwt rowing/sailing skiff. Beautifully built of finest materials: okoume marine ply, System 3 epoxy & 2 part urethane finish. Weighs 100lbs. bare; 129lbs. fully rigged. Galv Mercury trlr has never been in water. Bohndell lug sail, spruce spars, oak tiller, all stainless or bronze hrdwre. Rigid foam under deck & floor. Incl paddle, 7' oars, rowing seat & all rigging. \$1,595. WESLEY EWELL, Pocasset, MA, (508) 564 6844. (2)

13'6" Chamberlain Dory Skiff, w/trlr, cb, gaff rig., from Gardner's *Dory Book*. Marine ply on laminated spruce frames. Strong, light, beautiful. Sails well, rows like dream, seaworthy. \$2,850. DAVID GILROY, E. Granby, CT, (860) 658-9972. (2)

17' Kevlar Old Town Canadiene Canoe, like new. \$1,095. **Grumman Sport Boat**, exc. \$895. **Duck Boat**. \$595. **Sailing Pram**. \$495. **7' Dinghy**. \$250. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Parker River, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-0352. (2)



18' Old Town Paddle Boat, '34 square ender compl rblt by professional rebldr in '03. New canvas on hull & sponsons. Orig oars. Rows vy well. W/trlr. \$5,500. BILL HOPKINS, New Preston, CT, (860) 868-9092. (2)



16' Super Dink, performance prototype written up by John Gardner in *National Fisherman*. Participated in Yachting's "One of a Kind" regatta '77. Constr. fg over 3/8" pvc foam core. Teak trim. Wt. 160lbs, S.A. 100sf. Exc cond, trlr incl. Selling because too old now to be messing about in boats. Asking \$1,200, make offer. **Stonington Pulling Boat**, by Golden Era '79, 16' long, 31" beam, weight 125lb. approx. In exc cond. Oars & dolly incl. Asking \$1,000, make offer. GEORGE HART, Old Saybrook, CT, (860) 388-3806. (2)

12' San Francisco Pelican, plywood day sailer in gd cond. Mainsail gd cond, jib almost new. On tilt frame galv trlr. In grt cond. Launch in 10" of water. \$725. **17' Folbot Greenland II Kayak**, 2 person, folds into 2 bags, w/rudder, down wind sail rig in 3rd bag. Vy gd cond. \$900. FRED MÖLLER, P.O. Box 727, Wells, VT 05774, (802) 325-3411. (2)

17' Conn. River Drag Boat, recently restored w/ new spars, new sails by Nat Wilson, sweeps & new galv Venture trlr. \$2,800. **Folbot Super**, 2 person folding kayak w/wooden cross frames & compl sail rig. In gd cond. \$800. **'67 Wittholz 25' Catboat**, Roy Blaney bldr. Albin 10hp engine upgraded '03. In exc cond. \$19,500. Located Sag Harbor, NY. RAY HARTJEN, East Hampton, NY, (631) 324-2490, <rhartjen@hamptons.com> (1P)



20' Eastporter Power Boat, fg '85. Designed & used as island ferry. 120hp Mercruiser I/O drive. Compl w/2 axle galv trlr & 8hp ob on bracket. \$9,730. Call, email or write for compl description & pictures. KARL WEBSTER, P.O. Box 261, Brooksville, ME 04617, (207) 326-9781, <ksw@midmaine.com> (2)



NY 17 Whitehall Rowing Boat, if you like to row you will love my boat. It is the premier rowing boat. Blt of cedar, oak, mahogany & teak. Sails of tanbark Dacron, jib & sprit main. Trlr galv, wet only once Oct 22 to launch for photo taking. Starting price for whole package orig \$6,000, now \$5,000.

WALT STEIN, Bayshore, NY, (631) 666-6274 anytime (no machine). (15)

3 FG Sailboats, w/sails \$500 each! Wife wants them gone. All in gd shape but nd some TLC. **22' Wind Rose**, '76(?), **23' Columbia**, '73, **25' Coronado**, '68. Rblt **22' Catalina**, '74. Epoxy encapsulated in & out, Pettit paint, Mahogany dinette, new electric, pull out galley. Beautiful cond, sat 1 yr. \$4,000. Also some OB motors, steel boat cradles & spare parts available.

HOWARD SCHULTHEISS, North of Baltimore, MD, (410) 287-2546 wknds or lve message. (1)

11' Shellback Dinghy, brand new; lapstrake plywood; incl rudder, C/B & spars, bright mahogany transom, bright finished open gunnels, beautiful & well blt. \$3800. **8' Plywood Pram**, newly painted; solid; incl C/B & trunk. Sailing rig available; \$300.

MIKE KIRSCH, Beverly, MA, (978) 927 4305, <mak@nii.net>(1)

Com Pac 16, '83. 16' x 6' x 18" 450# keel. Galv trlr. Boat & trlr never in saltwater. Recent tires & bunk cushions. Fresh bottom paint. \$1,500. Mercury 5hp/4 cycle o/b, long shaft, 4 amp alt. NEVER USED. \$1,100. Boat & motor \$2,500. JOHN COOPER, San Antonio, TX, (210) 828 3165, <jcooper@stic.net> (2)



14' Cape Dory Handy Cat, Cape Cod style catboat. '71. Gaff rig. Sitka spruce spars, teak coaming & seats. FG hull. 4.5hp British Seagull OB, cover & trlr. All in vy gd cond. A comfortable classic day sailer. \$6,950 compl. ERIC KRETZMANN, Mansfield, OH, (419) 589-4050, <kretzmnn.4@netzero.net> (1)



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23' Rob Roy, '87, Ted Brewer design FG canoe yawl by Marine Concepts. Gd cond, well equipped. '97 galv trlr, '97 Honda 8hp OB, low hrs. \$10,500. JOE VANDERWERF, Hendersonville, NC, (828) 692-7718, <jnVanderwerf@mchsi.com> (1)



15 Lyman Wooden Runabout, '57, nds restoration. W/trlr. \$1,500. **16 Lyman Wooden Runabout**, '65 in petty gd cond, mostly restored. W/Shorelander trlr in gd cond. \$1,800. New Mariner OB, Model 25M rigged on **16 Lyman** in perf cond, sold separately. \$1,750. **15 Lighthouse Mariner 15 Wherry**, rowing boat. FG w/wood trim. Custom made in Maine by Maine Coast Boathouse, trimmed by Eric Dow. In perf cond. \$3,200. All must be picked up at Brattleboro, VT.

PHYLLIS BENAY, Brattleboro, VT, (802) 254-6214 (1)

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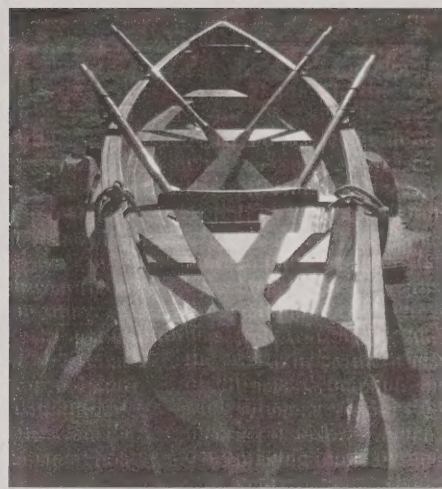
BOB CUSHING, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 687-6776, <RBRTBOBCAT@AOL.COM> (2)

21' Paul Gartside Sloop, plank on frame, oak backbone, copper/bronze fastened. Nds skilled person to finish her. Asking \$27,000.

JOHN DAVIES, ME, (207) 326-8704, <jmjdav@hotmail.com> (1)



Friendship Sloop, Society registered #141, *Sea Dog* blt '73, Portsmouth, NH. By James Hall. Yellow pine on oak, spartan interior, sailable cond, nds cosmetics & some deck & coaming work. Vy gd 7hp. Volvo diesel, one cyl. Fun daysailer, cockpit for 6+, vy seaworthy, gd looking! \$9,500. Located Buffalo, NY. GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, (800) 724 0576, <grundy@fantasiadesign.com>(1)



Middle Path Skua Rowing Cruiser, FG hull w/ varnished mahogany trim. 2prs 7-1/2' leathered oars, 2prs bronze oarlocks. Mint cond, used twice, always garage stored. Asking \$2,500 OBO. Inq for more info or pictures.

PETER THIBEAULT, Brighton, MA, (617) 730-4950, <peterthibault@hotmail.com> (subject line "Skua for sale"). (1P)

18' Folding Kayak, Russian manufacture, vy high volume, 2 folding paddles. \$450;—**13' FG Peapod**, daggerboard well, 8' oak oars. \$550, **13' Burro Camping Trailer**, fg. \$2000. Will consider fg canoe, lg cockpit kayak, small boat trlr or something interesting in trade.

MARTIN KOKUS, Pippa Passes, KY, (606) 368 2340, <martinkokus@alc.edu> (2)

Cape Cod Catboat, gaff rigged w/spruce spars & alum mast. Slps 2+. Custom trimmed in mahogany & teak. Traditional cabinetry in cockpit & companionway. 4hp Yamaha 4-stroke w/less than 10 hrs. Sink, stove area, new sail & sail cover. Well cared for & hauled by local marina. Hvy duty trlr incl. New boat worth well over \$24k. \$13,000 OBRO. Pictures available by email.

JOHN LARRABEE, Orland, ME, <johnbl53@yahoo.com> (1)

'96 Melonseed Skiff, 13'8", light brown fg hull, by Crawford Boat Building Co. Load Rite trlr. Both in vy gd cond. \$5,500. **14' O'Day Puffin Sloop**, in fair cond w/trlr in less than fair cond but serviceable. \$550.

ED GREENE, P.O. Box 1482, Duxbury, MA 02332, (781) 934-2909. (2)

Finn #761, Olympic Class single handed 14'9" planing sailboat. Ready to sail. Incl galv trlr. \$900 obo.

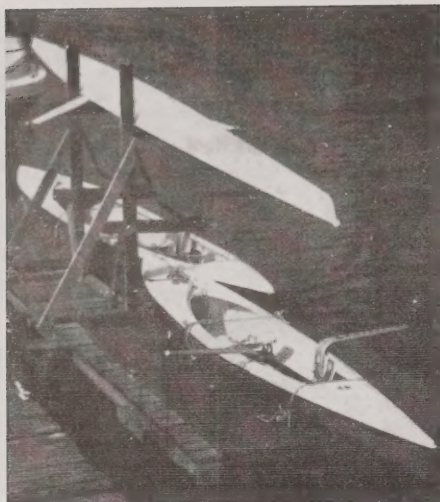
H. CHAMPAGNEY, 77 Halladay Dr., West Suffield, CT 06093, (860) 668 7695, <HMChampagney@msn.com> (2)

12' Aluminum Boat, 2hp Honda OB, galv trlr, extras. \$1,200 firm. **12' Porta Boat**, in vy gd cond. \$500 firm.

CHARLES MENDEZ, Wantage, NJ, (973) 875-1631 5-8pm. (1)



20' Victorian Fantail Launch, custom mahogany cockpit & trim, 9.9 Honda in well, bronze wheel & cleats, new EZ Loader trlr. \$18,500. JOHN RUGGERIO, 9 Lakeside St., Salem, NH 03079-1962. (1)



Rowing Shells: Maas 24, □94, ultralight open water racer, carbon fiber, white, exc cond. \$1,350. 2 Alden Ocean Shells, 1 single (16□) and 1 double (18□). Both □75, both in gd rowing cond, both navy w/light blue decks. \$700 for the single, \$800 for the double. 3 Oarmaster I Drop in Rowing Rigs. \$150 ea. F. Colar Spoonblade Oars, \$150/pair, for use with the Aldens. Small Craft A.R.S., 22□, white, fully rigged w/FG oars, \$1,000.

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13' Daisy, sail/row/motor boat: see WB #126 & MAIB, Oct, 15, '99, Okoume plywood & epoxy constr, bright finish. Dabbler tanbark sail. \$700. JOHN LONGBOTTOM, S18P1, 417 Birdwood Av., Haddonfield, NJ 08033, (856) 428 7032. (2)

13' Salisbury Point Rowing Skiff, Lowell Boat shop '81. Nds little work. \$1,000 OBO. JON SAWYER, Lowell, MA, (978) 423-3155. (1P)

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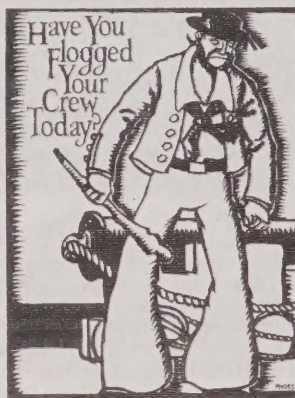


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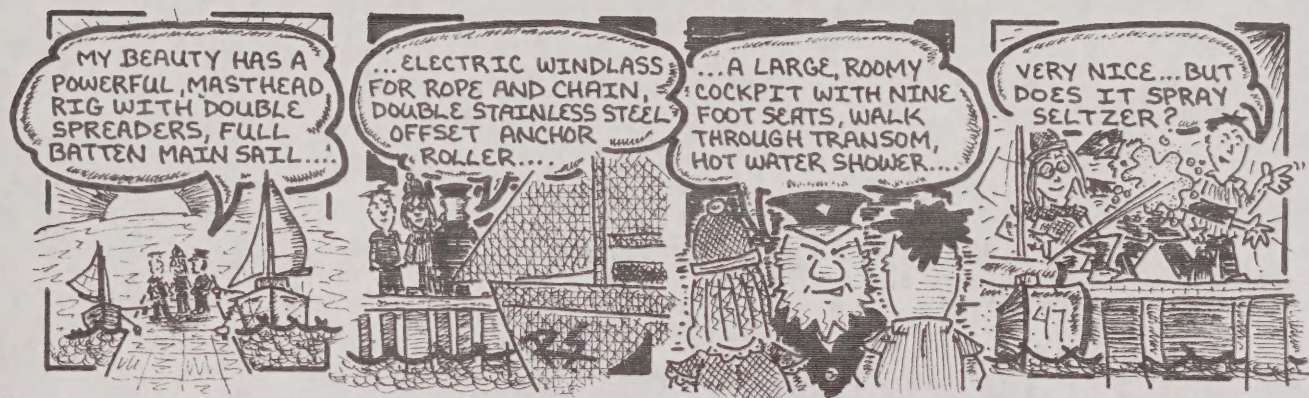
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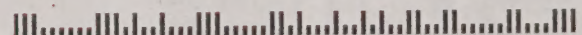
Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

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